

1162d.

# ORIGINAL POEMS

AND

## TRANSLATIONS.

By *JAMES BEATTIE*, A. M.

*ABERDEEN:*

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for the Benefit of the Author, and in Lon-  
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M DCC LXI.

ORIGINALS

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J A M E S

EARL OF ERROLL,  
LORD HIGH CONSTABLE OF SCOTLAND,  
ETC. ETC. ETC.

THE FOLLOWING  
POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS,  
IN TESTIMONY  
OF THE UTMOST ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,  
ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY  
INSCRIBED

BY

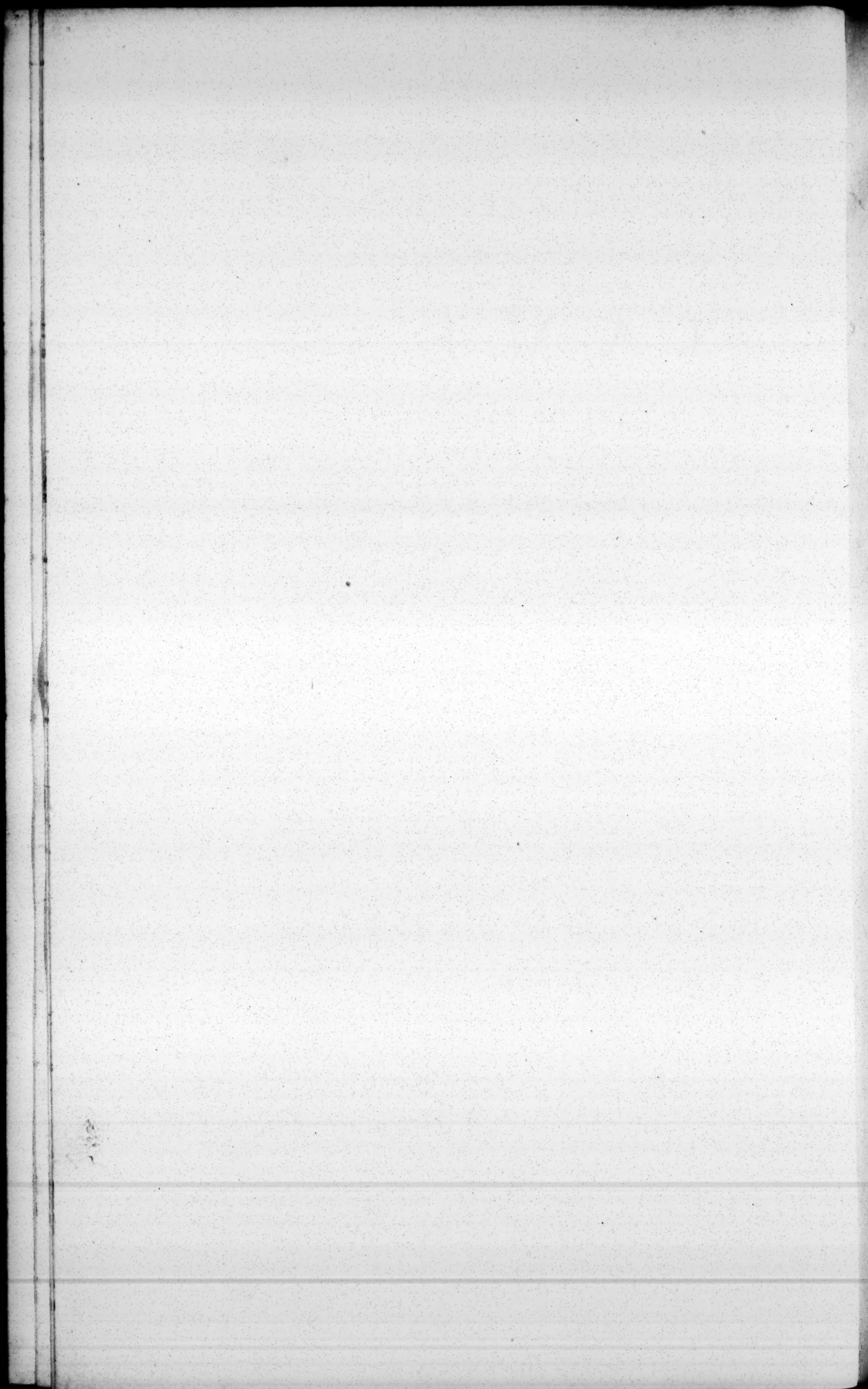
HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

MOST OBEDIENT

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT

J. BEATTIE.



THE  
P R E F A C E.

**F**EW writers are qualified to form a proper judgment of their own talents. Their opinions on this subject, whether influenced by diffidence or by vanity, are for the most part equally remote from truth. If any there be, who can with certainty anticipate the sentiments of the Public with regard to their own compositions, they must be such as are thoroughly acquainted with mankind, as well as with the propensity and the force of their own genius. But it is

impossible that one, who has not experimentally proved

*Quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri, \**

should be able to judge for himself, either in the choice or the execution of his subject. If he wishes to have his judgment regulated in this matter, he must appeal to the Public Suffrage, which, however it may for a time be rendered ineffectual by prejudice or partial favour, will at last determine his real character.

THE Author of the following little Poems hopes, that this to the goodnatured Reader will apologize for his rashness (if it shall be deemed rashness) in venturing abroad into the public view. He would not wish to labour in an hopeless pursuit; nor is he one of those who have determined (as BUTLER says)

*In spite  
Of nature and their stars to write;*

\* Hor. Epist. ad Pison,

the sentiments of the Public he will regard, whether they suggest hints for writing better, or cautions against writing at all.

EACH of the pieces that compose this small miscellany has been read and approved by several persons of unquestionable taste, whose judgment was capable of no other bias than that amiable one, the partiality of friendship. This the Author chooses to mention; because he would not be thought to have engaged in this publication entirely in compliance with the suggestions of his own vanity: and he is afraid to urge *the request of friends* as an excuse for his appearing in his present character; this plea having been so often abused, that it is become even ridiculous.

THE Public is already acquainted with several Translations of VIRGIL'S Pastorals. Mr. DRYDEN'S translations will be admired, as long as the English language is understood, for that fluent and graceful

energy of expression, which distinguishes all the writings of that Great Poet. In his compositions, even in those which have been censured as inaccurate, we are charmed with

\* *Thoughts that breathe, and words  
that burn;*

and if we find any thing blameable, we are inclined to impute it, not to any defect in his own genius or taste, but to the depravity of the age in which it was his misfortune to live.

THE translation of VIRGIL published some years ago by the learned and ingenious Mr. JOSEPH WARTON did not come into my hands till long after what is now offered to the Public was finished. That it was well received, even after Mr. DRYDEN's, is a sufficient proof of its merit.

THE perusal of these two masterly versions might have effectually discouraged

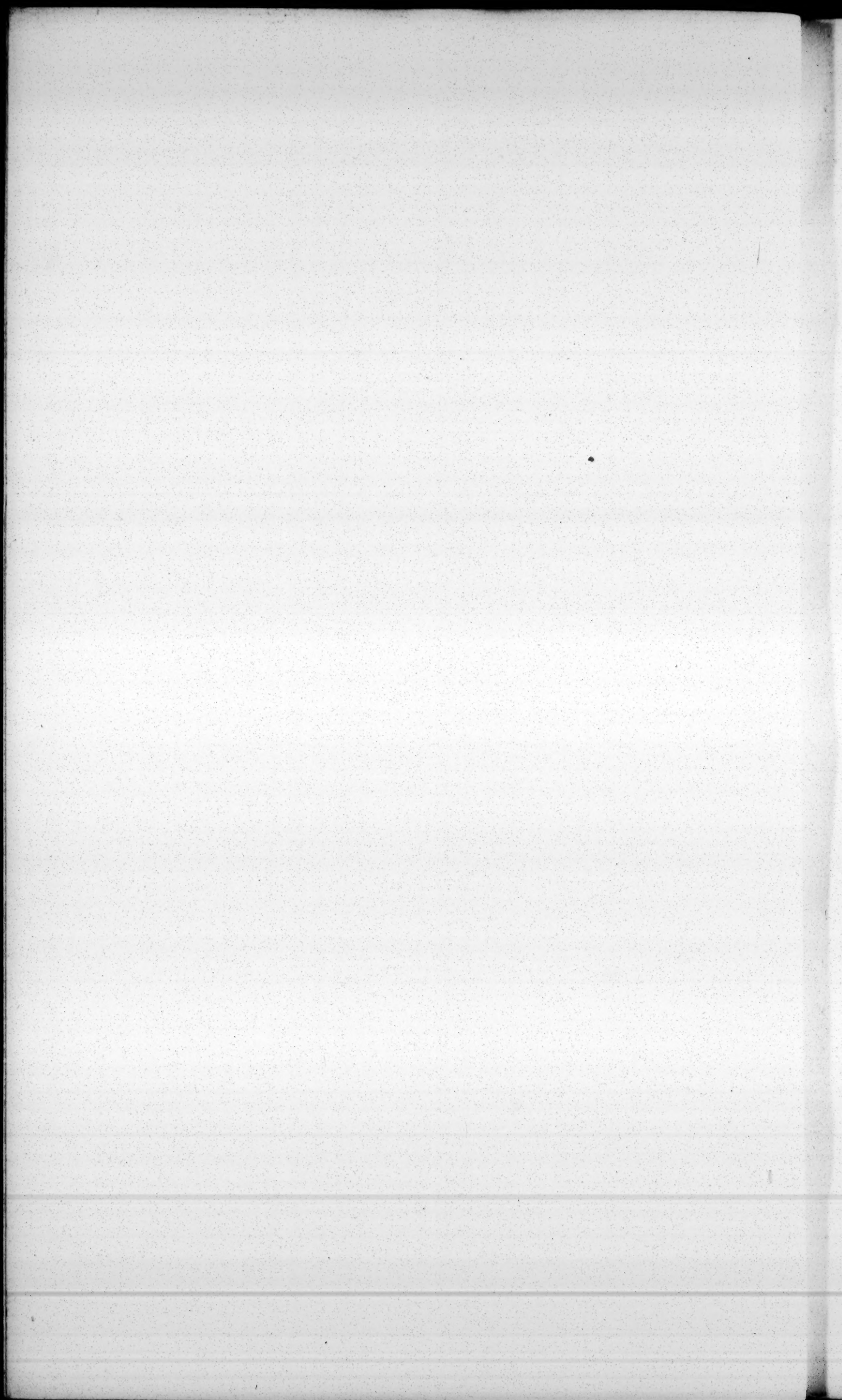
\* Gray's Odes.

the publication of the following, had I ever intended it as a rival to either of the others. But as I disclaim this intention, and would wish to be thought only an humble Copier of VIRGIL, I hope the present translation will be pardoned, if in a few particular instances it be found to have set any of the beauties of the admired Original in a more conspicuous point of view to the English Reader. Nor let it be ascribed to arrogance or vanity, that I presume to think this possible, notwithstanding what has been so well performed by the Great Masters just mentioned. In copying a painting of RAPHAEL, an Engraver of an inferior class may give expression to a particular lineament more successfully than even STRANGE himself. A minute Observer will sometimes attend to a little circumstance, which an enlarged imagination capable of conceiving and exhibiting the full idea may overlook. The eye is not wholly satisfied with contemplating a piece of sculpture from the most advantageous station: by changing the station

it enjoys the satisfaction not only of viewing the same attitude in a variety of lights, but of catching the expression of some particular muscle or feature not discernible from the former point of view. It is perhaps some such consideration as this, that hath induced those, who are indulgent to my performances, to advise the publishing of this translation; which was written at a very early time of life, when solitude left the mind at liberty to pursue, without any fixed design, such amusements as gratified the present hour.

THE version from LUCRETIVS was written at the particular desire of a Friend, whose commands the Translator hath reason to honour.

*N. B.* The versions of the fourth, fifth, and tenth pastorals, as they are printed in former miscellaneous collections, were copied from unfinished draughts, and swarm with typographical errors, some of which are so gross that they totally pervert the sense.



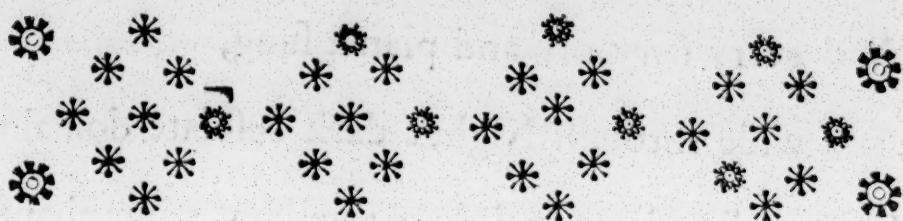
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# ODE TO PEACE.

I. 1.

**P**EACE, heaven-descended maid! whose powerful  
ful voice

From antient darkness call'd the morn,  
Of jarring elements compos'd the noise;  
When Chaos from his old dominion torn,  
With all his bellowing throng,  
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along;  
And all the bright Angelic Choir  
To loftiest raptures tuned the heavenly lyre,  
Pour'd in loud symphony th' impetuous strain;

A

And every fiery orb and planet fung,  
 And wide through Night's dark desolate domain  
 Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant  
 rung.

## I. 2.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian Reign!  
 Roll round again, majestic Years!  
 To break fell Tyranny's corroding chain,  
 From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,  
 Ye Years, again roll round!  
 Hark! from afar what loud tumultuous sound,  
 While echoes sweep the winding vales,  
 Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales!  
 Murder deep-rous'd, with the wild whirlwind's haste  
 And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,  
 Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,  
 Smiles ghastly-stern, and shakes her gore-distilling  
 wings.

## I. 3.

Fierce up the yielding skies  
 The shouts redoubling rise:  
 Earth shudders at the dreadful sound,  
 And all is listening trembling round.  
 Torrents, that from yon promontory's head  
 Dash'd furious down in desperate cascade,  
 Heard from afar amid the lonely night  
 That oft have led the wanderer right,  
 Are silent at the noise.  
 The mighty ocean's more majestic voice  
 Drown'd in superiour din is heard no more;  
 The surge in silence sweeps along the foamy shore.

## II. 1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air  
 Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,  
 The mingling multitudes, the madding car  
 Pouring impetuous on the plain below,

War's dreadful Lord proclaim.  
 Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame.  
 Whirl'd in tempestuous eddies flies  
 The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.  
 The chearful face of heaven no more is seen,  
 Fades the Morn's vivid blush to deadly pale,  
 The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,  
 Night's shrieking birds along the sullen twilight  
 fail.

## II. 2.

Involv'd in fire-streak'd gloom the car comes on.  
 The mangled steeds grim Terror guides.  
 His forehead writh'd to a relentless frown,  
 Aloft the angry Power of battles rides:  
 Grasp'd in his mighty hand  
 A mace tremendous desolates the land;  
 Thunders the turret down the steep,  
 The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep:

Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades  
 Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,  
 A bloated paleness Beauty's bloom o'erspreads,  
 Fades every flowery field, and every verdure dies.

## II. 3.

How startled Phrenzy stares,  
 Bristling her ragged hairs!  
 Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;  
 See, with her griping vulture-claws  
 Imprinted deep, she rends the opening wound!  
 Hatred her torch blue-streaming tosses round;  
 The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms  
 Re-echo to the fierce alarms  
 Her trump terrific blows.  
 Disparting from behind the clouds disclose  
 Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,  
 That with his scourge sublime directs the whirling  
 storm.

## III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair! within more foul  
 Than fellest fiend from Tartarus sprung,  
 In caverns hatch'd, where the fierce torrents roll  
 Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along,  
 Yon naked waste survey:  
 Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;  
 Where late the rosy-bosom'd Hours  
 In loose array danced lightly o'er the flowers;  
 Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;  
 And wak'd by the soft-murmuring breeze of morn  
 The voice of chearful Labour fill'd the dale;  
 And dove-eyed Plenty smil'd, and wav'd her liberal  
 horn.

## III. 2.

Yon ruins sable from the wasting flame  
 But mark the once-resplendent dome;  
 The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,

And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.

How sadly-silent all!

Save where outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall

Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,

And Torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth—

Though vain the muse, and every melting lay,

To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!

Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,

I see, I see the Years begin their mighty course.

### III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise

Before my dazzled eyes!

Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,

And melody celestial rings:

Along the lillied lawn the nymphs advance

Flush'd with Love's bloom, and range the sprightly

dance:

The gladsome shepherds on the mountain-side

Array'd in all their rural pride  
 Exalt the festive note,  
 Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—  
 But ah! the landscape glows with fainter light,  
 It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

## IV. I.

Illusions vain! Can sacred PEACE reside,  
 Where sordid gold the breast alarms,  
 Where cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,  
 And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms!  
 Ambition! these are thine:  
 These from the soul erase the form divine;  
 These quench the animating fire,  
 That warms the bosom with sublime desire.  
 Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,  
 Hate rides tremendous on th' o'erwhelming brow,  
 And midnight-Rancour grasps the cruel steel,  
 Blaze the funereal flames, and sound the shrieks of  
 Woe.

## IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-belov'd retreat,  
 What region brightens in thy smile,  
 Creative P E A C E, and underneath thy feet  
 Sees sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?  
 In bleak Siberia blows  
 Wak'd by thy genial breath the balmy rose?  
 Wav'd over by thy magic wand  
 Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?  
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,  
 Where roves the Indian through primeval shades:  
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the woodland reign,  
 And led by Reason's ray the path of Nature treads?

## IV 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep \*  
 Far leaning o'er the deep  
 B

\* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. These ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the gulph of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

The Goddess' pensive form was seen,  
 Her robe of Nature's varied green  
 Wav'd on the gale; grief dim'd her radiant eyes,  
 Her swelling bosom heav'd with boding sighs:  
 She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,  
 Emerging from th' etherial blue,  
 Midst the dread pomp of war  
 Gleam'd the Iberian streamer from afar.  
 She saw; and on refulgent pinions born  
 Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with  
 the morn.

RETIRE-

## RETIREMENT,

## A N O D E.

SHOOK from the Evening's fragrant wings  
 When dews impearl the grove,  
 And round the listening valley rings  
 The languid voice of Love ;  
 Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,  
 Beside a plaintive stream,  
 A meek-eyed Youth of serious mein  
 Indulged this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs, in savage grandeur pil'd  
 High o'er the darkening dale !  
 Ye groves ! along whose windings wild  
 Soft-steals the murmuring gale ;  
 Where oft lone Melancholy strays,  
 By wilder'd Fancy led,  
 What time the wan moon's yellow rays  
 Stream through the chequer'd shade.

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms  
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,  
 Scap'd the tumultuous world's alarms  
 To your retreats I fly.  
 Deep in your most sequester'd bower  
 Let me at last recline,  
 Where Solitude, meek modest Power,  
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!

Thy envy'd smile how win!

Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,

And stills each storm within!

O wilt thou to thy favourite grove

Thine ardent votary bring,

And bless his hours, and bid them move

Serene on silent wing.

There while to thee glad Nature pours

Her gently-warbling song,

And Zephyr from the waste of flowers

Wafts sweet perfumes along;

Let no rude sound invade from far,

No vagrant foot be nigh,

No ray from Grandeur's gilded car

Flash on thy startled eye.

For me, no more the path invites  
Ambition loves to tread ;  
No more I climb life's panting heights,  
By guileful Hope misled :  
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more  
To Joy's enlivening lays——  
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,  
Soon each gay form decays.

O D E

O D E

T O H O P E.

I. I.

O THOU that glad'st the pensive breast;  
 More than Aurora's smile the pilgrim lorn  
 Left all night long to mourn  
 Amidst the horrors of the dreary waste;  
 Where savage howls, as intermits the storm,  
 Wide o'er the wilderness resound from far,  
 And cross the gloom darts many a grisly form,  
 And fire-eyed visages horrific stare;

Hail, Goddess, friend of human race!  
 Hail! for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,  
 And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd  
 His doubting soul to peace.

## I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye  
 Deep-flashing through the midnight of their mind,  
 The fable bands, combin'd  
 Where Fear's black banner bloats the troublous sky,  
 Appal'd retire: Suspicion hides her head,  
 Nor dares th' obliquely-glaring eye to raise;  
 Despair with gorgon-figur'd veil o'erspread  
 Speeds to Cocytus' shriek-resounding maze;  
 Lo, startled at the heavenly ray  
 With haste unwonted Indolence upsprings,  
 And heaving lifts her leaden wings,  
 And fullen glides away:

## I. 3.

rd,      Ten thousand forms by pining Fancy view'd  
 Dissolve. Above the sparkling flood  
 When Phœbus rears his awful brow,  
 From lengthening lawn and valley low  
 The troops of fen-nurst mists retire;  
 nd,      Along the plain the joyous fwain  
 Eyes the green villages again,  
 ky,      And gold-illumin'd spire;  
 While on the sky's soft billows born  
 Floats the loose lays jovial measure;  
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,  
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,  
 Wantons on filken wing; and goblins all  
 Shrink to the deep dark vault, or hoary hall,  
 Or westward with impetuous flight  
 Shoot to the desert realms of their cogenial Night.

## II. 1.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze  
Life's varied landscape stretch'd immense around  
Starts out of night profound,  
Thy voice incites to tempt the wildering maze.  
Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,  
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,  
And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,  
With beating heart the upland path pursues ;  
The path, that leads, where, high uphung,  
Seen far remote, Youth's gorgeous trophies, gay  
In Fancy's vivid rainbow-ray,  
Allure the eager throng.

## II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,  
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard ;  
While melting airs are heard,  
And soft-eyed Cherub-forms around thee play ;

Simplicity, with careless flowers array'd,  
 Prattling amusive in his accent meek;  
 And Modesty, half turning as afraid,  
 The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek;  
 Contentment pours the gentle strain;  
 While circled with an orb of wavy light  
 Fair Innocence with fearless flight  
 Leads on the jocund train.

## II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!  
 To-day, though gales propitious blow,  
 Though Peace soft-gliding down the sky  
 Bring Love along and Harmony,  
 Tomorrow the gay scene deforms;  
 Then all around, the thunder's sound  
 Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,  
 And down rush all the storms.

Ye Days, that choicest influence shed,

When gay Childhood ever sprightly  
 O'er flowery regions sported lightly,  
 Whither, ah whither are ye fled!  
 Ye Cherub-train, that brought him on his way,  
 O leave him not midst tumult and dismay;  
 For now Youth's eminence he gains,  
 But what a weary length of lingering woe remains!

## III. I.

They shrink, they vanish into air—  
 Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale;  
 And mingling cries assail,  
 The wail of Woe, and scream of mad Despair.  
 Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent-eye  
 Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;  
 Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,  
 Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance:  
 Behold, amid the dire array,  
 Pale, wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,

And lo, his iron hand prepares  
To grasp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Oh who shall guard bewilder'd Youth  
Safe from the fierce assaults of hostile rage?  
Such wars can Virtue wage,  
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth?  
Ah no. On Infamy's victorious spear  
Fair Virtue's spoils are oft in triumph born,  
While by Adversity's decree severe  
Unwept unheard the Captive wails forlorn,  
Defac'd with many a cruel scar.  
Ill-fated Youth, then whither wilt thou fly?  
No friend, no shelter now is nigh,  
And onward rolls the war.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along!  
Why shrink aghast the hostile throng!

Lo, from amidst Affliction's night  
 HOPE bursts all radiant on the sight :  
 Her words the troubled bosom soothe.  
 " Why thus dismay'd? Though foes invade,  
 " Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,  
 " Who tread the path of Truth. .  
 " 'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way ;  
 " I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,  
 " And with glad visions of tomorrow  
 " Repair the weary soul's decay.  
 " When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing  
     heart,  
 " Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,  
 " Till the free'd spirit springs on high  
 " In rapture too severe for weak Mortality".

THE TRIUMPH

O F

MELANCHOLY.

**M**EMORY, be still! why throng upon the  
thought

These scenes deep-stain'd with Sorrow's sable dye?  
Hast thou in store no joy-illumin'd draught,  
To cheer bewilder'd Fancy's tearful eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise  
Deckt gorgeous by the lavish hand of Spring;

Thin gilded clouds float light along the skies,  
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the Youth in yonder valley laid!  
Soft smiles in every conscious feature play,  
While to the gale low-murmuring through the  
glade  
He tempers sweet his sprightly-warbling lay.

Hail Innocence ! whose bosom all serene  
Feels not fierce Passion's raving tempest roll !  
Oh ne'er may Care distract that placid mien !  
Oh ne'er may Doubt's dark shades o'erwhelm thy  
soul !

Vain wish ! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd  
Yonder she comes ! the heart-enflaming fiend !

(Will no kind Power the helpless stripling shield!)

Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend!

Oh smile accurst to hide the worst designs!

Now with blithe eye she wooes him to be blest,

While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—

And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eyeball swims

Ghastly, and reddening darts a threatful glare;

Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,

And Fear's cold hand erects his bristling hair!

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime!

And does thy spring no happier prospect yield!

Why gilds the vernal sun thy gaudy clime,

When nipping mildews waste the flowery field!

D

How Memory pains! Let some gay theme beguile  
 The musing mind, and sooth to soft delight.  
 Ye images of woe, no more recoil;  
 Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter arm'd with wasteful  
 power  
 Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,  
 How sweet to sit in this sequester'd bower,  
 To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war!

Ambition here displays no gilded toy  
 That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,  
 Nor Pleasure's flower-embroider'd paths decoy,  
 Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's gay disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode  
 With the mild languish of her smiling eye;

Here Health has oft in blushing beauty glow'd,  
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

Even the storm lulls to more profound repose:  
The storm these humble walls assails in vain;  
Screen'd is the lily when the whirlwind blows,  
While the oak's stately ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds! Thine, Winter, be the skies,  
Roll the old ocean, and the vales lay waste:  
Nature thy momentary rage defies;  
To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald-car see Spring appear!  
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)  
Her emerald-car the youthful Zephyrs bear,  
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen;  
And lo, her rod the rose-lip'd Power extends!  
And lo, the lawns are deckt in living green,  
And Beauty's bright-eyed train from heaven descends!

Haste, happy Days, and make All Nature  
glad——

But will All Nature joy at your return?  
Say, can ye chear pale Sickness' gloomy bed,  
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart  
Cross the dark cell where hopeless Slavery lies?  
To ease tir'd Disappointment's bleeding heart  
Will all your stores of softening balm suffice?

When fell Oppression in his harpy-fangs  
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,

Can ye allay the heart-wrung parent's pangs,  
Whose famish'd child craves help with fruitless  
tears?

For ah! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.  
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends?  
Who lays the once-rejoicing village waste,  
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends?

O ye, to Pleasure who resign the day,  
As loose in Luxury's clasping arms you lye,  
O yet let pity in your breast bear sway,  
And learn to melt at Misery's moving cry.

But hopest thou, Muse, vainglorious as thou art,  
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,  
Hopest thou to soften Pride's obdurate heart,  
When ERROLL's bright example shines in vain?

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine  
eye,

Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;  
Thy haunts alas no gleams of joy supply,  
Or transient gleams, that flash, and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego—  
Spread then, Historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll;  
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendor glow,  
And swell to thought sublime th' exalted soul.

What mingling pomps rush boundless on the  
gaze!

What gallant navies ride the heaving deep!

What glittering towns their cloud-wrapt turrets  
raise!

What bulwarks frown horrific o'er the steep!

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd  
shields,

Th' embattled legions stretch their long array ;  
Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,  
With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign.  
How keen their looks whom Liberty inspires!  
Quick as the goddess darts along the line,  
Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful! In her lofty mien  
The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown controul;  
Her fearless eye, determin'd though serene,  
Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd  
soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,  
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain!

With menace loud he cries, while from his hand  
He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,  
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven;  
Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,  
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the  
heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,  
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—  
Ah Liberty! will none thy cause befriend!  
Are these thy sons, thy generous sons that fly!

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,  
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart;  
Not Virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,  
When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by heaven-bred terror all dismay'd  
The scattering legions pour along the plain.  
Ambition's car with bloody spoils array'd  
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, \* by yon lonely brook  
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude,  
Abandon'd lies, and with undaunted look  
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah BRUTUS! ever thine be Virtue's tear!  
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,  
As scarce-supported on her broken spear  
O'er her expiring son the Goddess mourns.

E

\* "By yon lonely brook With woods o'erhung and precipices  
"rude"—Such, according to the description given by Plutarch,  
was the scene of Brutus's death.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,  
From her dishevel'd locks she rends the plume;  
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,  
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,  
Fame's loudest trumpet labours in thy praise,  
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,  
And Flattery bids for thee her altars blaze.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,  
The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,  
Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,  
While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's  
smile ;

Full oft, where Solitude and Silence dwell  
Far far remote amid the lowly plain,

Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell.  
Such is man's doom, and Pity weeps in vain.

Still grief recoils—How vainly have I strove  
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand!  
Tir'd I submit; but yet, O yet remove,  
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand.

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul  
Find in society relief from woe;  
O yield a while to Friendship's soft controul;  
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow!

Come then, PHILANDER! for thy lofty mind  
Looks down from far on all that charms the Great;  
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,  
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate:

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,  
Nor faction cools, nor injury destroys;  
Who lend'st to Misery's moans a pitying ear,  
And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys:

Who know'st man's frailty; with a favouring  
eye,  
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall;  
Who unenflav'd by Custom's narrow tye  
With manly freedom follow'st Reason's call.

And bring thy DELIA, softly-smiling Fair,  
Whose spotless soul no sordid thoughts deform;  
Her accents mild would still each throbbing care,  
And harmonize the thunder of the storm:

Though blest with wisdom and with wit refin'd,  
She courts not homage, nor desires to shine;

In Her each sentiment sublime is join'd  
To female sweetness, and a form divine.

Come, and dispel the deep-surrounding shade:  
Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ;  
O catch the swift-wing'd hour before 'tis fled,  
On swiftest pinion flies the Hour of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul  
Dissolving sinks to Joy's oblivious dream,  
Even then to Time's tremendous verge we roll  
With haste impetuous down life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,  
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,  
Or soothe the sad INEVITABLE HOUR,  
Or cheer the dark dark mansions of the dead?

Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,  
 That call'd Cleora to the silent tomb;  
 To her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year!  
 How shone the nymph in Beauty's brightest bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,  
 Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace;  
 Moulder unknown the monarch and the slave  
 Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing  
     bust,  
 The arch with proud memorials array'd,  
 The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust  
 To dumb Oblivion's ever-desart shade.

Fancy from comfort wanders still astray.  
 Ah Melancholy! how I feel thy power!

Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway,  
But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveler thus, that o'er the midnight-waste  
Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to  
    roam,  
Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last;  
For long the night, and distant far his home.

AN ELE-

AN ELEGY

Occasioned by the death of

A L A D Y.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem  
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful  
dream !

On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,  
Shall heedless Hope his towering fabric raise !

Till at Death's touch the fairy visions fly,  
And real scenes rush dismal on the eye,

And from elysium's soothing slumbers torn

The startled soul awakes, to think—and mourn.

O Ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,  
 To Joy's soft voice whose sprightly spirits dance,  
 Who flowery scenes in endless view survey  
 Glittering in beams of visionary day!

O yet while Fate delays th' impending woe  
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;  
 Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill  
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;  
 Lest thus involv'd in deep funereal gloom  
 With me ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,  
 Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,  
 And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wife! Beauteous! Good!—O every grace  
 combin'd,

That charms the eye, that captivates the mind!  
 Fair—as the flower just opening to the view,  
 Whose leaves the Morning bathes in pearly dew!

Sweet—as the downy-pinion'd Gale, that roves  
 Fraught with the fragrance of Arabian groves!  
 Mild—as the strains, that, at the close of day  
 Warbling remote, along the vales decay!——  
 Yet, why with these compar'd? What tints so fine,  
 What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with  
                   thine?

Why roam abroad? Since still to Fancy's eyes  
 I see I see the lov'd Idea rise.

Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,  
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;  
 That soul-expressing eye, whence, mildly bright  
 Fair Goodness beams on the transported sight;  
 That polish'd brow, where Wisdom sits serene,  
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:  
 Still let me listen, while her words impart  
 Delight deep-thrilling through the glowing heart,

And all the soul, each tumult charm'd away,  
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

Adorn'd by thee, bright Virtue, Age is young,  
And music warbles from the faltering tongue;  
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,  
Flushes the faded cheek with rosy glow,  
Illumes the joyless aspect, and supplies  
A lively lustre to the languid eyes;  
Each look, each accent, while it awes, invites;  
And Age with every youthful grace delights:  
But when Youth's bloom reflects thy brightening  
beams,

On the rapt view the blaze resistless streams,  
Th' ecstatic breast triumphant Virtue warms,  
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms.\*

Ah whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay!—  
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay!

F 2

\* The Lady, whose death occasioned this Elegy, died at the age of twenty seven.

How are the roses on that lip decay'd  
 Which Health so late in vivid bloom array'd !  
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd,  
 With active life each speaking feature glow'd.  
 Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky ;  
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;  
 When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust  
 Laid all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand, that sooth'd Woe's weary  
 head !

All quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !  
 All mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,  
 Infusing balm, into the rankled soul !—  
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power !  
 Why spare the weed, and lop the lovely flower !  
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driv'n !  
 Is Virtue then no more the care of heav'n !—

But, peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting  
heart!

We, not ELIZA, felt the fateful dart.

Scap'd the dark dungeon does the slave complain,

Nor blest the hand that broke the galling chain!

Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,

On this dark desert doom'd to stray forlorn!

Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,

O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw,

Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye

O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,

Black billowy seas by endless tempests tofs'd,

And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.

O happy stroke, that breaks the bonds of clay,

Darts through the bursting gloom the blaze of day,

And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,

Where dangers threat, and fears alarm, no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away  
 The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay.  
 But ah! afresh the swimming eye o'erflows—  
 Nor check the tear that streams for human woes—  
 Lo, o'er her dust, in speechless anguish, bend  
 The hopeless Parent, Husband, Brother, Friend!—  
 Vain hope of mortal man!—But cease thy strain,  
 Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane;  
 Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, o'er her bier  
 In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

THE

THE HARES,

A FABLE.

LIFE is a jest. You call it worse,  
“ A cheat, a snare, a clog, a curse.  
“ Tir’d of the long laborious strife  
“ You loathe the nauseous load of life.  
“ Through desarts dark perplex’d you stray,  
“ No beam to point the dreary way.  
“ In vain you call for aid. No friend  
“ Will deign a pitying look to lend.  
“ Hope comes at last, in courteous guise,  
“ With dimply cheek and smiling eyes;

" He points at some far-blazing toy,  
 " Incites your flight, assures the joy.  
 " Born on Hope's soaring wing you sweep  
 " Along the ether's azure deep.  
 " The phantom flies, but close behind  
 " Hope wafts you swifter than the wind.  
 " The meteor bursts; led far abroad  
 " You scarce regain your wonted road,  
 " Listless, fatigued. Before 'twas care,  
 " Now all is tumult and despair.  
 " Or if, long painful labour past,  
 " You catch the flying thing at last;  
 " Soon as you fondly grasp your prey,  
 " From your support Hope shrinks away.  
 " No more upborn on wings of Hope  
 " Prone through the empty air you drop:  
 " The glittering toy, that seem'd so late  
 " To gild the blackest clouds of fate,

" That lighten'd your severest toil,  
 " Each feature brightening with a smile,  
 " Now heavy, dark, and cumbrous all  
 " Serves but to aggravate your fall.  
 " Thus Hope, our smiling flattering friend,  
 " Proves our tormentor in the end;  
 " We're wretched if we miss our aim,  
 " And, that attain'd, we are the same.  
 " What slavish mortal then, you say,  
 " Would choose to drag this clog of clay,  
 " Nor longs to lay his weary head  
 " Secure on Death's dark dusty bed?"

Yes, yes, I grant the sons of earth  
 Are doom'd to misery from their birth.  
 We all of sorrow have our share;  
 But say, Is yours beyond compare?  
 Look round the world: you'll quickly find  
 Each individual of our kind

Press'd with an equal load of ill ;  
 Equal at least. Look further still ;  
 Let Reason's serious eye explore  
 What Passion slightly scan'd before.  
 In Poverty's sad sable cell  
 Attend to Famine's feeble wail :  
 Behold a meagre shivering form  
 Unfenc'd against the piercing storm.  
 Or view the couch where Sickness lies ;  
 Mark his pale cheeks, his dizzy eyes,  
 His frame by strong convulsions torn,  
 His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.  
 See, where transfix'd with fiercest pangs  
 O'er his heap'd hoard the miser hangs :  
 Whistles the wind—he starts, he stares,  
 Nor Slumber's balmy bounties shares ;  
 Despair Remorse and Terror roll  
 Their tempests on his darken'd soul.

But now, perhaps, it may avail  
T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Soft was the morn, the sky serene,  
The jolly hunting band convene.  
The huntsman sends around his eyes,  
And oft in thought the game descries ;  
Now with bland words the steed addresses,  
And now rhe frisking hound careffes :  
The neighing steed impatient spurns,  
Each beagle's breast with ardor burns.

That morn, a council of the hares  
Was met on national affairs.  
The chiefs were set ; above their head  
The furze its frizzled covering spread.  
Long lists of grievances were heard ;  
By which in general it appear'd  
That, one and all, the hares were bent  
To plan anew the government.

Our harmless race shall every savage  
 Both quadruped and biped ravage?  
 The youth his father's only hopes,  
 Who gayly now the verdure crops,  
 Whose pulse beats strong in every vein,  
 Whose limbs leap light along the plain,  
 May yet ere noon (sad destiny!)  
 On some bare heath dismember'd lie.  
 Nor headlong Youth, nor cautious Age  
 Can scape the ruthless murderer's rage.  
 In every gale we hear the foe,  
 Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe,  
 Each morning but awakes our fears,  
 Each evening sees us bath'd in tears.  
 But must we ever idly grieve,  
 Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?  
 Small is each individual's force,  
 Nor I from prudence boast resource:

But were our numerous tribes combin'd,  
 These murderers to their cost might find,  
 No foe is weak, whom Justice arms,  
 Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.  
 Who dares assert a righteous cause  
 From his own heart obtains applause.  
 Be rous'd; or liberty acquire,  
 Or in the great attempt expire.

Here labouring in his heaving breast  
 The swelling thought his voice suppress;  
 Despair, Revenge, their rage supply,  
 And flash from each indignant eye.

Meanwhile the clamours of the war  
 Mingling confus'dly from afar  
 Swell in the wind. Now louder cries  
 Distinct of men and hounds arise.  
 Forth from the brake, with beating heart,  
 Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,

And, every straining nerve on wing,  
 Away precipitately spring.  
 The hunting band, a signal given,  
 Thick-thundring o'er the plain are driven ;  
 O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,  
 And river broad impetuous bound,  
 Now plunge amid the forest shades,  
 Glance through the openings of the glades,  
 Now o'er the level lawn they sweep,  
 Now with short steps strain up the steep ;  
 While backward from the hunter's eyes  
 The landscape like a torrent flies.  
 At last an antient wood they gain'd  
 By pruner's ax yet unprofan'd.  
 High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd  
 The oak's majestic boughs appear'd.  
 Below, a copse of various hue  
 In barbarous luxuriance grew ;

No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,  
 No hand had wove th' implicit maze.  
 The flowering thorn self-taught to wind  
 The hazle's stubborn stem entwin'd,  
 The prickly bramble flaunted round,  
 And rough furze crept along the ground.  
 Here shelter'd from the storms of fate  
 The hares enjoy a safe retreat.  
 The hunting band in vain essay  
 Through the thick shrubs to force their way;  
 Th' impatient beagle yelps in vain,  
 In vain the courser spurns the plain,  
 In vain the huntsman vents his ire  
 In threats and execrations dire.  
 Thus from the field of death reliev'd  
 When Troy her trembling sons receiv'd,  
 Achilles curs'd invidious fate,  
 And thunder'd at the Scæan gate.

The western wind now waxing loud  
 Tumultuous roar'd along the wood;  
 From rustling leaves and crashing boughs  
 The sound of woe and war arose.  
 The hares distracted scour the grove,  
 As terror and amazement drove,  
 But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,  
 Still seem'd impending o'er their head.  
 Now throng'd amidst a grotto's gloom,  
 All hopes extinct, they wait their doom.  
 Dire was the silence, till, at length,  
 Even from despair deriving strength  
 A daring youth these words address'd,  
 Which oft the bursting throb suppress'd.

O race! the scorn, the sport of fate,  
 With every sort of ill beset,  
 And curst with keenest sense to feel  
 The sharpest sting of every ill!

We sure by Nature were design'd  
 Most wretched of the wretched kind.  
 Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,  
 Of liberty and vengeance dream,  
 What now remains? In what recess  
 Hope we to taste the sweets of peace,  
 Since Fate on every side prepares  
 For us inextricable snares?  
 Are we alone of all beneath  
 Condemn'd to misery worse than death?  
 Must we with fruitless labour strive  
 In misery worse than death to live?  
 No. Be the lesser ill our choice,  
 So dictates Nature's prompting voice;  
 'Tis Nature bids us dare to die,  
 And disappoint our destiny.  
 Who grudges momentary pain,  
 A short relief from woe to gain?

H

Death's pangs but for a moment last;  
 And when that transient ill is past,  
 Our sorrows are for ever fled,  
 For not even dreams molest the dead.  
 Thus while he spoke, his words impart  
 The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,  
 That glittering in the solar ray  
 Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and spread  
 A languid radiance o'er the shade.  
 Thither with one consent they bend,  
 Their miseries with their lives to end.  
 Through the thick wood proceed the train,  
 And now they reach the open plain,  
 And onward with redoubled force  
 Stung with despair impel their course;  
 While each in thought already hears  
 The waters hissing in his ears.

Fast by the margin of the lake,  
 Conceal'd within a thorny brake  
 A linnet sat, whose careless lay  
 Amus'd the solitary day.  
 Careless he sung, for on his breast  
 Sorrow no lasting trace imprest.  
 When suddenly he hears the sound  
 Of swift feet trampling thick the ground.  
 Light to a neighbouring tree he flies;  
 Thence trembling sends around his eyes;  
 No foe appear'd; his fears were vain;  
 Pleas'd he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caus'd his fright,  
 Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.  
 Is there on earth a wretch, they said,  
 Whom our approach can strike with dread?  
 An instantaneous flow of thought  
 To tumult every bosom wrought;

Amaz'd they stood, nor words could find  
 T' express the working of their mind.  
 So fares the system-builder sage,  
 Who, plodding on from youth to age,  
 At last on some foundation-dream  
 Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme;  
 Has prov'd his predecessors fools,  
 And bound all nature by his rules;  
 So fares he in that dreadful hour,  
 When Truth exerts her sacred power,  
 Some new phænomenon to raise,  
 Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,  
 From its high summit to the ground  
 Proves the whole edifice unsound.

An antient hare, whose mind sedate  
 Had often prov'd th' extremes of fate,  
 Compos'd at length in voice and look,  
 The thought-bewilder'd band bespoke.

Children, says he, th' attentive mind  
 In slight events will often find  
 Of sound instruction fresh supplies,  
 Which Reason's scanty store denies.  
 That our afflictions were the worst,  
 And we, beyond all others, curst  
 With woes remediless, of late  
 Seem'd certain as the laws of fate:  
 When lo, an accident so slight  
 As yonder little linner's flight  
 Has made your stubborn hearts confess,  
 (So your amazement bids me guess)  
 That all your load of woes and fears  
 Is but a part of what he bears.  
 Where can he rest secure from harms,  
 Whom even a helpless hare alarms?  
 Yet he repines not at his lot;  
 When past his dangers are forgot:

On yonder bough he trims his wings,  
 And with unusual rapture sings.  
 While we, less wretched, sink beneath  
 Our lighter ills, and rush to death!—  
 No more of this unmeaning rage,  
 But hear, my friends, the words of Age:  
 From glozing Art no aid I seek,  
 In me you hear Experience speak.

When by the winds of Autumn driven  
 The scatter'd clouds fly 'cross the heaven,  
 Oft have we from some mountain's head  
 Beheld th' alternate light and shade  
 Sweep o'er the vale: here hovering low'rs  
 The shadowy cloud; there downward pours  
 Streaming direct a flood of day,  
 That from the view flies swift away:  
 It flies, while other shades advance,  
 And other streaks of sunshine glance.

Thus chequer'd is life's various maze  
 With misery's clouds, and pleasure's rays.  
 Then hope not, while you journey on,  
 Still to be basking in the sun ;  
 Nor dread, though now in shades you mourn,  
 That sunshine will no more return.  
 If by betraying fear o'ercome  
 You fly before th' approaching gloom,  
 And strive to leave your woe behind ;  
 The labour vain you soon will find ;  
 The cloud pursues with equal speed,  
 And still hangs frowning o'er your head.  
 Who longs to reach the radiant plain  
 Must onward urge his course amain ;  
 For doubly swift the shadow flies,  
 When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.  
 Or though unequal to support  
 The labour of that great effort,

Which struggles through involving woe ;  
 Yet ne'er your fortitude forego ;  
 Shrink not ; but firm and undismay'd  
 Maintain your ground ; the fleeting shade  
 Ere long spontaneous glides away,  
 And gives you back th' enlivening ray.  
 Lo, while I speak, our danger's past :  
 No more the shrill horn's angry blast  
 Rings in our ears ; the savage roar  
 Of war and murder now is o'er.  
 Then snatch the joy which fate allows,  
 Careless of past or future woes.

He spoke : each breast is sooth'd to peace,  
 Complacence softens every face,  
 And hope revives ; the hateful lake  
 That instant one and all forsake,  
 In sweet amusement to employ  
 The present sprightly hour of joy.

Now from the western mountain's brow,  
 Compast with clouds of various glow  
 The sun a broader orb displays,  
 And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.  
 The lawn assumes a yellower green,  
 And dew-drops spangle all the scene.  
 The fragrant gale sighs soft along,  
 The shepherd chaunts his simple song,  
 With all their lays the groves resound,  
 And falling waters murmur round ;  
 Discord and Care were put to flight,  
 And all was peace and calm delight.

# EPITAPH

ON \* \* \* \* \*

ESCAP'D the gloom of mortal life, a soul  
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,  
Safe, where no Cares their whelming billows roll,  
No Doubts bewilder, and no Hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;  
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;  
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;  
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful blast  
 Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar ;  
 Shot through the dreary gloom the morn at last  
 Gives to thy longing eye the blisful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;  
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayst fall ;  
 Nor read unmov'd my artless tender tale,  
 I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

# EPITAPH.

TO this grave is committed  
All that the Grave can claim

Of two Brothers \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\*

Who on the VII of October MDCCLVII,  
Both unfortunately perished in the \*\*\* water:  
The one in his XXII, the other in his XVIII year.  
Their disconsolate Father \*\*\*\*\*

Erects this monument to the memory of  
These amiable Youths;

Whose early virtues promised  
Uncommon comfort to his declining years,  
And singular emolument to society.

O Thou! whose steps in sacred reverence tread  
These lone dominions of the silent Dead;

On this sad stone a pious look bestow,  
 Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;  
 And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,  
 Let each rebellious murmur be suppress'd;  
 Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!  
 Heaven's wise decrees, how impious, to arraign!  
 Pure from the stains of a polluted age,  
 In early bloom of life, THEY left the stage:  
 Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath  
 One moment snatch'd Them from the power of  
 Death:

They liv'd united, and united died;  
 Happy the friends, whom Death cannot divide!

NOVEMBER 1st. 1757.

This Epitaph is engraven on a tombstone in the church-yard  
 of *Lethnet* in the shire of *Angus*.

ELE-

## E L E G Y.

TIR'D with the busy crouds, that all the day  
 Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,  
 My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,  
 'Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail kind Reviver! that canst lull the cares,  
 And every weary sense compose to rest,  
 Lighten th' oppressive load which Anguish bears,  
 And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touch'd by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow  
 Drops the gay plume; he pines a lowly clown;  
 And on the cold earth stretch'd the son of Woe  
 Quaffs Pleasure's draught, and wears a fancy'd  
 crown.

When rous'd by thee, on boundless pinions born  
Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,  
Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,  
Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove ;

Or skims the main, and listens to the storms,  
Marks the long waves roll far remote away ;  
Or mingling with ten thousand glittering forms  
Floats on the gale, and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierc'd by the howling blast  
Through dark and pathless desarts I shall roam,  
Plunge down th' unfathom'd deep, or shrink aghast  
Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the tomb :

Perhaps loose Luxury's enchanting smile  
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale,

Where Mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours  
 beguile,  
 And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Instructive emblem of this mortal state!  
 Where scenes as various every hour arise  
 In swift succession, which the hand of Fate  
 Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,  
 Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store;  
 Death comes, and all thy fancy'd blifs destroys,  
 Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

And, sons of Sorrow! though the threatening  
 storm  
 Of angry Fortune overhang a while,  
 Let not her frowns your inward peace deform;  
 Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through earth's throng'd visions while we tofs  
forlorn,

'Tis tumult all, and rage, and restless strife;  
But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,  
When Death awakes us to immortal life.

K

SONG

S O N G

In Imitation of SHAKESPEAR'S

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind &c.*

**B**LOW, blow, thou vernal gale!  
Thy balm will not avail  
To ease my aching breast;  
Though thou the billows smoothe,  
Thy murmurs cannot soothe  
My weary soul to rest.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream!  
Infuse the easy dream  
Into the peaceful soul;

But thou canst not compose  
The tumult of my woes,  
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!  
Beauties surpassing yours  
My Rosalind adorn;  
Nor is the winter's blast,  
That lays your glories waste,  
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,  
That linger down the maze  
Of yonder winding grove;  
O let your soft controul  
Bend her relenting soul  
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!  
 Gales, fan no more the air!  
 Ye streams forget to glide!  
 Be hush'd, each vernal strain!  
 Since nought can soothe my pain,  
 Nor mitigate her pride.

## ANACREON, Ode 22.

Παρὰ τὴν σκίην, βάθυλλε,

Κάθισον·—————

**B**ATHYLLUS, in yonder lone grove  
 All carelessly let us recline:  
 To shade us the branches above  
 Their leaf-waving tendrils combine;  
 While a streamlet inviting repose  
 Soft-murmuring wanders away,  
 And gales warble wild through the boughs:  
 Who there would not pass the sweet day?

THE

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF

LUCRETIVS  
TRANSLATED.

*Æneadum Genetrix*———v. 1———45.

**M**OTHER of mighty Rome's imperial line,  
Delight of man, and of the Powers divine,  
VENUS, all-bounteous queen! whose genial pow'r  
Diffuses beauty in unbounded store  
Through seas, and fertile plains, and all that lies  
Beneath the starr'd expansion of the skies.  
Prepar'd by thee, the embryo springs to day,  
And opes its eyelids on the golden ray.

At thy approach, the clouds tumultuous fly,  
 And the hush'd storms in gentle breezes die ;  
 Flowers instantaneous spring ; the billows sleep ;  
 A wavy radiance smiles along the deep ;  
 At thy approach, th' untroubled sky refines,  
 And all serene heaven's lofty concave shines.  
 Soon as her blooming form the Spring reveals,  
 And Zephyr breathes his warm prolific gales,  
 The feather'd tribes first catch the genial flame,  
 And to the groves thy glad return proclaim.  
 Thence to the beasts the soft infection spreads ;  
 The raging cattle spurn the grassy meads,  
 Burst o'er the plains, and frantic in their course  
 Cleave the wild torrents with resistless force.  
 Won by thy charms thy dictates all obey,  
 And eager follow where thou lead'st the way.  
 Whatever haunts the mountains, or the main,  
 The rapid river, or the verdant plain,

Or forms its leafy mansion in the shades,  
 All, all thy universal power pervades,  
 Each panting bosom melts to soft desires,  
 And with the love of propagation fires.  
 And since thy sovereign influence guides the reins  
 Of Nature, and the Universe sustains;  
 Since nought without thee bursts the bonds of  
     Night,

To hail the happy realms of heavenly light;  
 Since love, and joy, and harmony are thine;  
 Guide me, O Goddess, by thy power divine,  
 And to my rising lays thy succour bring,  
 While I the UNIVERSE attempt to sing.  
 O, may my verse deserv'd applause obtain  
 Of Him, for whom I try the daring strain,  
 My MEMMIUS, Him, whom thou profusely kind  
 Adorn'st with every excellence refin'd.  
 And that immortal charms my song may grace,  
 Let war, with all its cruel labours, cease;

O hush the dismal din of arms once more,  
And calm the jarring world from shore to shore.  
By thee alone the race of man foregoes  
The rage of blood, and sinks in soft repose:  
For mighty Mars the dreadful God of arms,  
Who wakes or stills the battle's dire alarms,  
In love's strong fetters by thy charms is bound,  
And languishes with an eternal wound.  
Oft from his bloody toil the God retires  
To quench in thy embrace his fierce desires.  
Soft on thy heaving bosom he reclines,  
And round thy yielding neck transported twines;  
There fix'd in ecstacy intense surveys  
Thy kindling beauties with insatiate gaze,  
Grows to thy balmy mouth, and ardent sips  
Celestial sweets from thy ambrosial lips.  
O, while the God with fiercest raptures blest  
Lies all dissolving on thy sacred breast,

O breathe thy melting whispers to his ear,  
And bid him still the loud alarms of war.  
In these tumultuous days, the Muse, in vain,  
Her steady tenor lost, pursues the strain,  
And MEMMIUS' generous soul disdains to taste  
The calm delights of philosophic rest;  
Paternal fires his beating breast inflame,  
To rescue Rome, and vindicate her name.

L            HORACE,

H O R A C E,  
BOOK II. Ode 10.  
TRANSLATED.

*Rectius vives, Licini*—————

WOULDST thou through life securely glide;  
Nor boundless o'er the ocean ride;  
Nor ply too near th' insidious shore,  
Scar'd at the tempest's threatening roar.

The man, who follows Wisdom's voice,  
And makes the GOLDEN MEAN his choice,  
Nor plung'd in antique gloomy cells  
Midst hoary desolation dwells;  
Nor to allure the envious eye  
Rears his proud palace to the sky.

The pine, that all the grove transcends,  
With every blast the tempest rends;

Totters the tower with thundrous sound,  
And spreads a mighty ruin round;  
Jove's bolt with desolating blow  
Strikes the etherial mountain's brow.

The man, whose stedfast soul can bear  
Fortune indulgent or severe,  
Hopes when she frowns, and when she smiles  
With cautious fear eludes her wiles.

Jove with rude winter wastes the plain,  
Jove decks the rosy spring again.  
Life's former ills are overpast,  
Nor will the present always last.  
Now Phœbus wings his shafts, and now  
He lays aside th' unbended bow,  
Strikes into life the trembling string,  
And wakes the silent muse to sing.

With unabating courage, brave  
Adversity's tumultuous wave;

When too propitious breezes rise,  
And the light vessel swiftly flies,  
With timid caution catch the gale,  
And shorten the distended sail.

# H O R A C E,

BOOK III. Ode 13.

# T R A N S L A T E D.

*O Fons Blandusiæ*—————

**B**LANDUSIA! more than chrystal clear!  
Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear!  
Whose margin soft with flowrets crown'd  
Invites the festive band around,

Their careless limbs diffus'd supine,  
To quaff the soul-enlivening wine.

To thee a tender kid I vow,  
That aims for fight his budding brow ;  
In thought, the wrathful combat proves,  
Or wantons with his little loves :  
But vain are all his purpos'd schemes,  
Delusive all his flattering dreams,  
To morrow shall his fervent blood  
Stain the pure silver of thy flood.

When fiery Sirius blasts the plain,  
Untouch'd thy gelid streams remain.  
To thee, the fainting flocks repair,  
To taste thy cool reviving air ;  
To thee, the ox with toil oppress'd,  
And lays his languid limbs to rest.

As springs of old renown'd, thy name  
Blest fountain! I devote to fame ;

Thus while I sing in deathless lays  
 The verdant holm, whose waving sprays,  
 Thy sweet retirement to defend,  
 High o'er the moss-grown rock impend,  
 Whence prattling in loquacious play  
 Thy sprightly waters leap away.

THE

THE  
PASTORALS  
OF  
VIRGIL  
TRANSLATED.

NON ITA CERTANDI CUPIDUS, QUAM PROPTER A-  
MOREM

QUOD *TE IMITARI* AVEO———

LUCRET. LIB. III.

T

V

Y

O

D

Po

THE PASTORALS OF

VIRGIL.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

WHERE the broad beech an ample shade  
displays,

Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,

O happy TITYRUS! while we, forlorn,

Driven from our lands, to distant climes are born,

M

It has been observed by some critics, who have treated of Pastoral Poetry, that, in every Poem of this kind, it is proper, that the scene  
or

Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,  
And all the groves with AMARYLLIS ring.

## TITYRUS.

THIS peace to a propitious God I owe;  
None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow.  
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,  
And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.

or landscape, connected with the little plot or fable on which the poem is founded, be delineated with at least as much accuracy, as is sufficient to render the description particular and picturesque. How far Virgil has thought fit to attend to such a rule may appear from the remarks which the Translator has subjoined to every Pastoral.

The scene of the first Pastoral is pictured out with great accuracy. The shepherds Meliboeus and Tityrus are represented as conversing together beneath a spreading beech-tree. Flocks and herds are feeding hard by. At a little distance we behold, on the one hand a great rock, and on the other a fence of flowering willows. The prospect as it widens is diversified with groves, and streams, and some tall trees particularly elms. Beyond all these appear marshy grounds, and rocky hills. The ragged and drooping flock of the unfortunate shepherd, particularly the she-goat which he leads along, are no inconsiderable figures in this picture.—The time is the evening of a summer-day, a little before sunset. See of the Original v. 1, 5, 9, 52, 54, 57, 59, 81, &c.

This Pastoral is said to have been written on the following occasion. Augustus, in order to reward the services of his Veterans, by means of whom he had established himself in the Roman empire, distributed among them the lands that lay contiguous to Mantua and Cremona.

By Him, these feeding herds in safety stray ;

By Him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

MELIBOEUS.

I ENVY not, but wonder at your fate,  
That no alarms invade this blest retreat ;  
While neighbouring fields the voice of woe re-  
found,

And desolation rages all around.

Worn with fatigue I slowly onward bend,  
And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.

My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,  
Whose young new-yea'd (ah once an hopeful  
pair!)

Amid the tangling hazles as they lay,

On the sharp flint were left to pine away.

M 2

Cremona. To make way for these intruders, the rightful Owners, of whom Virgil was one, were turned out. But our Poet, by the intercession of Mecænas, was reinstated in his possessions. Meliboeus here personates one of the unhappy exiles, and Virgil is represented under the character of Tityrus.

These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind  
 To all portents and prodigies was blind.  
 Oft have the blasted oaks foretold my woe;  
 And often has the inauspicious crow,  
 Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fateful cries  
 Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.  
 But say, O TITYRUS, What God bestows  
 This blisful life of undisturb'd repose?

## TITYRUS.

IMPERIAL Rome, while yet to me unknown,  
 I vainly liken'd to our country-town,  
 Our little Mantua, at which is fold  
 The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:  
 As in the whelp the father's shape appears,  
 And as the kid its mother's semblance bears.  
 Thus greater things my inexperienc'd mind  
 Rated by others of inferior kind.  
 But SHE, midst other cities, rears her head  
 High, as the cypress overtops the reed.

## MELIBOEUS.

AND why to visit Rome was you inclin'd?

## TITYRUS.

'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find.  
 And there my liberty I found at last,  
 Though long with listless indolence oppress'd;  
 Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,  
 And I had told a tedious length of years;  
 \* Nor till the gentle AMARYLLIS charm'd,  
 And GALATEA's love no longer warm'd.  
 For (to my friend I will confess the whole)  
 While GALATEA captive held my soul,  
 Languid and lifeless all I drag'd the chain,  
 Neglected liberty, neglected gain.  
 Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,  
 Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,

\* Nor till the gentle Amaryllis—] The refinements of Taubmanus, De La Cerda, and others, who will have Amaryllis to signify Rome, and Galatea to signify Mantua, have perplexed this passage not a little: if the literal meaning be admitted, the whole becomes obvious and natural.

For this I ne'er perceiv'd my wealth increase;  
I lavish'd all her haughty heart to please.

MELIBOEUS.

WHY AMARYLLIS pin'd, and pass'd away  
In lonely shades the melancholy day;  
Why to the Gods she breath'd incessant vows;  
For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs  
So late, I wonder'd-----TITYRUS was gone,  
And she (ah luckless maid!) was left alone.  
Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,  
And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

TITYRUS.

WHAT could I do? To break th' enslaving chain  
All other efforts had (alas!) been vain;  
Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find  
The Gods so condescending and so kind.

'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born YOUTH\*

beheld,

To whom our altars monthly incense yield:

My suit He even prevented, while He spoke,

“ Manure your antient farm, and feed your former  
flock.”

### MELIBOEUS.

HAPPY old man! then shall your lands remain,  
Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain!

Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,  
And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies.

Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,  
And never feel the dire effects of change.

No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane  
To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain!

You by known streams and sacred fountains laid  
Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.

\* Augustus Cæsar.

Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,  
 And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,  
 Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,  
 And balmy slumbers steal into your breast;  
 While warbled from this rock the Pruner's lay  
 In deep repose dissolves your soul away;  
 High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,  
 And your lov'd ringdoves breathe a hoarser moan.

## TITYRUS.

THE nimble harts shall graze in empty air,  
 And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,  
 The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,  
 The Parthian banish'd by invading foes  
 Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breast  
 Ere His majestic image be effac'd.

## MELIBOEUS.

BUT we must travel o'er a length of lands,  
 O'er Seythian snows, or Afric's burning sands;

Some wander where remote Oäxes laves  
 The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves;  
 In Britain some, from every comfort torn,  
 From all the world remov'd, are doom'd to mourn.  
 When long long years have tedious roll'd away,  
 Ah! shall I yet at last, at last, survey  
 My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,  
 Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod!  
 These lands, these harvests must the foldier share!  
 For rude barbarians lavish we our care!  
 How are our fields become the spoil of wars!  
 How are we ruin'd by intestine jars!  
 Now, MELIBOEUS, now ingraff the pear,  
 Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear!-----  
 Go then, my goats!---go, once an happy store!  
 Once happy!---happy now (alas!) no more!  
 No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade  
 In rural quiet indolently laid,

Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,  
 And from the shrubby precipice depend;  
 No more to music wake my melting flute,  
 While on the thyme you feed, and willow's whole-  
 some shoot.

### TITYRUS.

THIS night at least with me you may repose  
 On the green foliage, and forget your woes.  
 Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,  
 And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.  
 Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,  
 And slowly roll along the evening-skies;  
 And see projected from the mountain's brow  
 A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below.

THE

THE SECOND  
PASTORAL.  
ALEXIS.

YOUNG CORYDON for fair ALEXIS pin'd,  
But hope ne'er gladden'd his desponding  
mind ;

Nor vows nor tears the scornful boy could move,  
Distinguish'd by his wealthier master's love.

N 2

The chief excellency of this Poem consists in its delicacy and simplicity. Corydon addresses his favourite in such a purity of sentiment as one would think might effectually discountenance the prepossessions which generally prevail against the subject of this eclogue. The nature of his affection may easily be ascertained from his ideas of the happiness which he hopes to enjoy in the company of his beloved Alexis.

*O tantum libeat—*

O deign at last amid these lonely fields &c.

It appears to have been no other than that friendship, which was encouraged by the wisest legislators of antient Greece, as a noble incentive

Oft to the beeche's deep-embowering shade  
 Pensive and sad this hapless shepherd stray'd;  
 There told in artless verse his tender pain  
 To echoing hills and groves, but all in vain.

In vain the flute's complaining lays I try;  
 And am I doom'd, unpitying boy, to die?  
 Now to faint flocks the grove a shade supplies,  
 And in the thorny brake the lizard lies;  
 Now THESTYLIS with herbs of savoury taste  
 Prepares the weary harvestman's repast;  
 And all is still, save where the buzzing sound  
 Of chirping grasshoppers is heard around;  
 While I expos'd to all the rage of heat  
 Wander the wilds in search of thy retreat.

centive to virtue, and recommended by the example even of Agellus, Pericles and Socrates: an affection wholly distinct from the infamous attachments that prevailed among the licentious. The Reader will find a full and satisfying account of this generous passion in Dr. Potter's antiquities of Greece B. iv. Chap. 9. Mons. Bayle in his Dictionary at the article *Virgile* has at great length vindicated our Poet from the charge of immorality which the Critics have grounded upon this pastoral.

The

Was it not easier to support the pain  
I felt from AMARYLLIS' fierce disdain?  
Easier MENALCAS' cold neglect to bear,  
Black though he was, though thou art blooming  
fair?

Yet be relenting, nor too much presume,  
O beauteous boy, on thy celestial bloom;  
The fable \* violet yields a precious dye,  
While useless on the field the withering lillies lie.  
Ah cruel boy! my love is all in vain,  
No thoughts of thine regard thy wretched swain.  
How rich my flock thou carest not to know,  
Nor how my pails with generous milk o'erflow.  
With bleat of thousand lambs my hills resound,  
And all the year my milky stores abound.

The scene of this Pastoral is a grove interspersed with beech-trees;  
the season, harvest.

\* The fable violet.) Vaccinium (here translated *violet*) yielded a  
purple colour used in dying the garments of slaves, according to  
Plin. l. xvi, c. 28.

Not AMPHION's lays were sweeter than my song,  
 Those lays that led the listening herds along.  
 And if the face be true I lately view'd,  
 Where calm and clear th' uncurling ocean stood,  
 I lack not beauty, nor couldst thou deny,  
 That even with DAPHNIS I may dare to vie.

O deign at last amid these lonely fields,  
 To taste the pleasures which the country yields;  
 With me to dwell in cottages resign'd,  
 To roam the woods, to shoot the bounding hind;  
 With me the weanling kids from home to guide  
 To the green mallows on the mountain-side;  
 With me in echoing groves the song to raise,  
 And emulate even PAN's celestial lays.  
 PAN taught the jointed reed its tuneful strain,  
 PAN guards the tender flock, and shepherd swain.  
 Nor grudge, ALEXIS, that the rural pipe  
 So oft hath stain'd the roses of thy lip:

How did AMYNTAS strive thy skill to gain !

How grieve at last to find his labour vain !

Of seven unequal reeds a pipe I have,

The precious gift which good DAMOETAS gave ;

Take this, the dying shepherd said, for none

Inherits all my skill but thou alone.

He said ; AMYNTAS murmurs at my praise,

And with an envious eye the gift surveys.

Besides, as presents for my soul's delight

Two beauteous kids I keep bestreak'd with white,

Nourish'd with care, nor purchas'd without pain ;

An ewe's full udder twice a day they drain.

These to obtain oft THESTYLIS hath tried

Each winning art, while I her suit deny'd ;

But I at last shall yield what she requests,

Since thy relentless pride my gifts detests.

Come, beauteous boy, and blest my rural bowers.

For thee the nymphs collect the choicest flowers :

Fair NAIS culls amid the bloomy dale  
 The drooping poppy, and the violet pale,  
 To marygolds the hyacinth applies,  
 Shading the glossy with the tawny dies :  
 Narcissus' flower with daffodil entwin'd,  
 And casia's breathing sweets to these are join'd,  
 With every bloom that paints the vernal grove,  
 And all to form a garland for my Love.  
 Myself with sweetest fruits will crown thy feast ;  
 The luscious peach shall gratify thy taste,  
 And chesnut brown (once high in my regard,  
 For AMARYLLIS this to all prefer'd ;  
 But if the blushing plum thy choice thou make,  
 The plum shall more be valued for thy sake.)  
 The myrtle wreath'd with laurel shall exhale  
 A blended fragrance to delight thy smell.

Ah CORYDON ! thou rustic, simple swain !  
 Thyself, thy prayers, thy offers all are vain.

How few, compar'd with rich IOLAS store,  
 Thy boasted gifts, and all thy wealth how poor!  
 Wretch that I am! while thus I pine forlorn,  
 And all the live-long day inactive mourn,  
 The boars have laid my silver fountains waste,  
 My flowers are fading in the southern blast.----  
 Fly'st thou, ah foolish boy, the lonesome grove?  
 Yet Gods for this have left the realms above.  
 PARIS with scorn the pomp of Troy survey'd,  
 And fought th' Idæan bowers and peaceful shade.  
 In her proud palaces let PALLAS shine;  
 The lowly woods, and rural life be mine.  
 The lions all dreadful in her course  
 Pursues the wolf, and he with headlong force  
 Flies at the wanton goat, that loves to climb  
 The cliff's steep side, and crop the flowering thyme;  
 Thee CORYDON pursues, O beauteous boy:  
 Thus each is drawn along by some peculiar joy.

Now evening soft comes on ; and homeward now  
 From field the weary oxen bear the plough.  
 The setting sun now beams more mildly bright,  
 The shadows lengthening with the level light.  
 While with love's flame my restless bosom glows,  
 For love no interval of ease allows.  
 Ah CORYDON ! to weak complaints a prey !  
 What madness thus to waste the fleeting day !  
 Be rous'd at length ; thy half-prun'd vines demand  
 The needful culture of thy curbing hand.  
 Haste, lingering swain, the flexile willows weave,  
 And with thy wonted care thy wants relieve.  
 Forget ALEXIS' unrelenting scorn,  
 Another Love thy passion will return.

THE

THE THIRD  
PASTORAL.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

TO whom belongs this flock, DAMOETAS,  
pray:

TO MELIBOEUS?

DAMOETAS.

No; the other day

The shepherd ÆGON gave it me to keep.

O 2

The contending shepherds Menalcas and Damoetas, together with their umpire Palæmon, are seated on the grass, not far from a row of beech-trees. Flocks are seen feeding hard by. The time of the day seems to be noon, the season between spring and summer,

MENALCAS.

† AH still neglected, still unhappy sheep!  
 He plies NEÆRA with assiduous love,  
 And fears lest she my happier flame approve;  
 Meanwhile this hireling wretch (disgrace to swains!)  
 Defrauds his master, and purloins his gains,  
 Milks twice an hour, and drains the famish'd dams,  
 Whose empty dugs in vain attract the lambs.

DAMOETAS.

FORBEAR on men such language to bestow.  
 Thee, stain of manhood! thee, full well I know.  
 \* I know, with whom---and where---(their grove  
 defil'd  
 The nymphs reveng'd not, but indulgent smil'd)

† Throughout the whole of this altercation, notwithstanding the untoward subject, the Reader will find in the Original such a happy union of simplicity and force of expression and harmony of verse, as it is vain to look for in an English translation.

\* The abruptness and obscurity of the Original is here imitated.

And how the goats beheld, then browsing near,  
The shameful sight with a lascivious leer.

MENALCAS.

No doubt, when MYCON'S tender trees I  
broke,  
And gash'd his young vines with a blunted hook.

DAMOETAS.

OR when conceal'd behind this antient row  
Of beeche, you broke young DAPHNIS' shafts  
and bow,  
With sharpest pangs of rancorous anguish stung  
To see the gift confer'd on one so young ;  
And had you not thus wreak'd your sordid spite,  
Of very envy you had died outright.

MENALCAS.

GODS! what may masters dare, when such a  
pitch  
Of impudence their thievish hirelings reach!

Did I not, wretch (deny it if you dare)  
 Did I not see you DAMON's goat ensnare?  
 Lycisca bark'd; then I the felon spy'd,  
 And "Whither flinks yon sneaking thief"? I cry'd.  
 The thief discover'd straight his prey forfook,  
 And skulk'd amid the sedges of the brook.

DAMOETAS.

THAT goat my pipe from DAMON fairly  
 gain'd;

A match was set, and I the prize obtain'd.  
 He own'd it due to my superior skill,  
 And yet refus'd his bargain to fulfil.

MENALCAS.

By your superior skill-----the goat was won!  
 Have you a jointed pipe, indecent clown!  
 Whose whizzing straws with harshest discord jar'd,  
 As in the streets your wretched rhymes you mar'd.

DAMOETAS.

BoASTs are but vain. I'm ready, when you  
will,

To make a solemn trial of our skill.

I stake this heifer, no ignoble prize;

Two calves from her full udder she supplies,

And twice a day her milk the pail o'erflows;

What pledge of equal worth will you expose?

MENALCAS.

OUGHT from the flock I dare not risque; I  
fear

A cruel stepdame, and a fire severe,

Who of their store so strict a reckoning keep,

That twice a-day they count the kids and sheep.

But, since you purpose to be mad to-day,

Two beechen cups I scruple not to lay,

(Whose far superior worth yourself will own)

The labour'd work of fam'd ALCIMEDON.

Rais'd round the brims by the engraver's care  
 The flaunting vine unfolds its foliage fair;  
 Entwin'd the ivy's tendrils seem to grow,  
 Half-hid in leaves its mimic berries glow:  
 Two figures rise below, of curious frame,  
 CONON, and---what's that other sage's name,  
 Who with his rod describ'd the world's vast round,  
 Taught when to reap, and when to till the ground.  
 At home I have reserv'd them unprofan'd,  
 No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.

#### DAMOETAS.

Two cups for me that skilful Artist made;  
 Their handles with acanthus are array'd;  
 ORPHEUS is in the midst, whose magic song  
 Leads in tumultuous dance the lofty groves a-  
 long.  
 At home I have reserv'd them unprofan'd,  
 No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.

But my pledg'd heifer if aright you prize,  
The cups so much extol'd you will despise.

MENALCAS.

THESE arts, proud boaster, all are lost on me;  
To any terms I readily agree.  
You shall not boast your victory to-day,  
Let him be judge who passes first this way:  
And see the good PALÆMON! trust me, swain,  
You'll be more cautious how you brag again.

DAMOETAS.

DELAYS I brook not; if you dare, proceed;  
At singing no antagonist I dread.  
PALÆMON listen to th' important songs,  
To such debates attention strict belongs.

PALÆMON.

SING then. A couch the flowery herbage  
yields:

Now blossom all the trees, and all the fields;

And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,  
And Nature's fairest robe adorns the blooming  
year.

DAMOETAS first th' alternate lay shall raise:  
Th' inspiring Muses love alternate lays.

DAMOETAS.

Jove first I sing; ye Muses, aid my lay;  
All nature owns his energy and sway;  
The earth and heavens his sovereign bounty share,  
And to my verses he vouchsafes his care.

MENALCAS.

With great APOLLO I begin the strain,  
For I am great APOLLO's favourite swain;  
For him the purple hyacinth I wear,  
And sacred bay to PHOEBUS ever dear.

DAMOETAS.

The sprightly GALATEA at my head  
An apple flung, and to the willows fled;

But as along the level lawn she flew,  
The wanton wish'd not to escape my view.

MENALCAS.

I LANGUISH'D long for fair AMYNTAS'  
charms,

But now he comes unbidden to my arms,  
And with my dogs is so familiar grown,  
That my own DELIA is no better known.

DAMOETAS.

I LATELY mark'd where midst the verdant  
shade

Two parent-doves had built their leafy bed;  
I from the nest the young will shortly take,  
And to my Love an handsome present make.

MENALCAS.

TEN ruddy wildings, from a lofty bough,  
That through the green leaves beam'd with yellow  
glow,

I brought away, and to AMYNTAS bore;  
Tomorrow I shall send as many more.

DAMOETAS.

AH the keen raptures ! when my yielding  
Fair

Breath'd her kind whispers to my ravish'd ear !  
Waft, gentle gales, her accents to the skies,  
That Gods themselves may hear with sweet sur-  
prise.

MENALCAS.

WHAT, though I am not wretched by your  
scorn ?

Say, beauteous boy, say can I cease to mourn,  
If, while I hold the nets, the boar you face,  
And rashly brave the dangers of the chace.

DAMOETAS.

SEND PHYLLIS home, IOLAS, for to-day  
I celebrate my birth, and all is gay ;

When for my crop the victim I prepare,  
IOLAS in our festival may share.

MENALCAS.

PHYLLIS I love; she more than all can charm,  
And mutual fires her gentle bosom warm:  
Tears, when I leave her, bathe her beauteous eyes,  
“ A long, a long adieu, my Love!” she cries.

DAMOETAS.

THE wolf is dreadful to the wooly train,  
Fatal to harvests is the crushing rain,  
To the green woods the winds destructive prove,  
To me the rage of mine offended Love.

MENALCAS.

THE willow's grateful to the pregnant ewes,  
Showers to the corns, to kids the mountain-  
browse;  
More grateful far to me my lovely boy,  
In sweet AMYNTAS centers all my joy.

DAMOETAS.

EVEN POLLIO deigns to hear my rural lays,  
And cheers the bashful Muse with generous praise;  
Ye sacred NINE, for your great Patron feed  
A beauteous heifer of the noblest breed.

MENALCAS.

POLLIO the art of heavenly song adorns;  
Then let a bull be bred with butting horns,  
And ample front, that bellowing spurns the  
ground,  
Tears up the turf, and throws the sands around.

DAMOETAS.

HIM who my POLLIO loves may nought  
annoy,  
May he like POLLIO every wish enjoy,  
O may his happy lands with honey flow,  
And on his thorns Assyrian roses blow!

MENALCAS.

WHO hates not foolish BAVIUS, let him love  
Thee, MÆVIUS, and thy tasteless rhymes approve!  
Nor needs it thy admirer's reason shock  
To milk the he-goats, and the foxes yoke.

DAMOETAS.

YE boys, on garlands who employ your care,  
And pull the creeping strawberries, beware,  
Fly for your lives, and leave that fatal place,  
A deadly snake lies lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

FORBEAR, my flocks, and warily proceed,  
Nor on that faithless bank securely tread;  
The heedless ram late plung'd amid the pool,  
And in the sun now dries his reeking wool.

DAMOETAS.

HO TITYRUS! lead back the browsing flock,  
And let them feed at distance from the brook;

At bathing-time I to the shade will bring  
My goats, and wash them in the cooling spring.

MENALCAS.

HASTE, from the sultry lawn the flocks remove  
To the cool shelter of the shady grove:  
When burning noon the curdling udder dries,  
Th' ungrateful teats in vain the shepherd plies.

DAMOETAS.

How lean my bull in yonder mead appears,  
Though the fat soil the richest pasture bears!  
Ah Love! thou reign'st supreme in every heart,  
Both flocks and shepherds languish with thy dart.

MENALCAS.

LOVE has not injur'd my consumptive flocks,  
Yet bare their bones, and faded are their looks:  
What envious eye hath squinted on my dams,  
And sent its poison to my tender lambs!

DAMOETAS.

SAY in what distant land the eye descries  
But three short ells of all th' expanded skies;  
Tell this, and great APOLLO be your name;  
Your skill is equal, equal be your fame.

MENALCAS.

SAY in what soil a wondrous flower is born,  
Whose leaves the sacred names of kings adorn;  
Tell this, and take my PHYLLIS to your arms,  
And reign th' unrival'd sovereign of her charms.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not for me these high disputes to end;  
Each to the heifer justly may pretend.  
Such be their fortune, who so well can sing,  
From love what painful joys, what pleasing tor-  
ments spring.

Now, boys, obstruct the course of yonder rill,  
The meadows have already drunk their fill.

Q

THE

THE FOURTH  
PASTORAL.  
POLLIO.

SICILIAN Muse, sublimer strains inspire,  
And warm my bosom with diviner fire!  
All take not pleasure in the rural scene,  
In lowly tamarisks, and forests green.  
If sylvan themes we sing, then let our lays  
Deserve a CONSUL's ear, a CONSUL's praise.

In this fourth Pastoral, no particular landscape is delineated. The whole is a prophetic song of triumph. But as almost all the images and allusions are of the rural kind, it is no less a true Bucolic than the others; if we admit the definition of a Pastoral, given us by an \* Author of the first rank, who calls it " A poem in which any action or passion " is represented by its effects upon country life. "

\* The Author of the Rambler.

It

The age comes on, that future age of gold  
In Cuma's mystic prophecies foretold.

The Years begin their mighty course again,  
The VIRGIN now returns, and the SATUR-  
NIAN reign.

Now from the lofty mansions of the sky  
To earth descends an heaven-born Progeny.  
Thy PHOEBUS reigns, LUCINA, lend thine aid,  
Nor be his birth his glorious birth delay'd!  
An iron race shall then no longer rage,  
But all the world regain the golden age.  
This CHILD, the joy of nations, shall be born  
Thy consulship, O POLLIO, to adorn:

## Q 2

It is of little importance to enquire on what occasion this poem was written. The spirit of prophetic enthusiasm that breathes through it, and the resemblance it bears in many places to the Oriental manner, make it not improbable, that our Poet composed it partly from some pieces of antient prophecy that might have fallen into his hands, and that he afterwards inscribed it to his friend and patron Pollio, on occasion of the birth of his son Saloninus.

Thy consulship these happy times shall prove,  
 And see the mighty Months begin to move:  
 Then all our former guilt shall be forgiv'n,  
 And man shall dread no more th' avenging doom  
 of heav'n.

The So N with heroes and with Gods shall shine,  
 And lead, enroll'd with them, the life divine.  
 He o'er the peaceful nations shall preside,  
 And his Si R E's virtues shall his sceptre guide.  
 To thee, auspicious BA BE, th' unbidden earth  
 Shall bring the earliest of her flowery birth;  
 Acanthus soft in smiling beauty gay,  
 The blossom'd bean, and ivy's flaunting spray.  
 Th' untended goats shall to their homes repair,  
 And to the milker's hand the loaded udder bear.  
 The mighty lion shall no more be fear'd,  
 But graze innoxious with the friendly herd.

Sprung from thy cradle fragrant flowers shall  
spread,

And fanning bland shall wave around thy head.

Then shall the serpent die, with all his race:

No deadly herb the happy soil disgrace:

Assyrian balm on every bush shall bloom,

And breathe in every gale its rich perfume.

But when thy FATHER's deeds thy youth shall  
fire,

And to great actions all thy soul inspire,

When thou shalt read of heroes and of kings,

And mark the glory that from virtue springs;

Then boundless o'er the far-extended plain

Shall wave luxuriant crops of golden grain,

With purple grapes the loaded thorn shall bend,

And streaming honey from the oak descend.

Nor yet old fraud shall wholly be effac'd;

Navies for wealth shall roam the watery waste;

Proud cities fenc'd with towery walls appear,  
 And cruel shares shall Earth's soft bosom tear:  
 Another TIPHYS o'er the swelling tide  
 With steady skill the bounding ship shall guide;  
 Another Argo with the flower of Greece  
 From Colchos' shore shall waft the golden fleece;  
 Again the world shall hear war's loud alarms,  
 And great ACHILLES shine again in arms.

When riper years thy strengthen'd nerves shall  
 brace,

And o'er thy limbs diffuse a manly grace,  
 The mariner no more shall plough the deep,  
 Nor load with foreign wares the trading ship,  
 Each country shall abound in every store,  
 Nor need the products of another shore.  
 Henceforth no plough shall cleave the fertile  
 ground,

No pruninghook the tender vine shall wound;

The husbandman with toil no longer broke  
 Shall loose his ox for ever from the yoke.  
 No more the wool a foreign die shall feign,  
 But purple flocks shall graze the flowery plain,  
 Glittering in native gold the ram shall tread,  
 And scarlet lambs shall wanton on the mead.

In concord join'd with fate's unalter'd law  
 The Destinies these happy times foresaw,  
 They bade the sacred spindle swiftly run,  
 And hasten the auspicious ages on.

O dear to all thy kindred Gods above!  
 O Thou, the offspring of eternal Jove!  
 Receive thy dignities, begin thy reign,  
 And o'er the world extend thy wide domain.  
 See nature's mighty frame exulting round,  
 Ocean, and earth, and heaven's immense profound!  
 See nations yet unborn with joy behold  
 Thy glad approach, and hail the age of gold!

O would th' Immortals lend a length of days,  
 And give a soul sublime to sound thy praise;  
 Would Heaven this breast, this labouring breast  
                   in flame

With ardor equal to the mighty theme;  
 Not ORPHEUS with diviner transports glow'd,  
 When all her fire his Mother-muse bestow'd;  
 Nor loftier numbers flow'd from LINUS' tongue,  
 Although his fire APOLLO gave the song;  
 Even PAN, in presence of Arcadian swains  
 Would vainly strive to emulate my strains.

Repay a Parent's care, O beauteous Boy,  
 And greet thy Mother with a smile of joy;  
 For thee, to loathing languors all resign'd  
 Ten slow-revolving months thy Mother pin'd.

\* If cruel fate thy Parents bliss denies,  
 If no fond joy fits smiling in thine eyes,

\* If cruel fate &c.] This passage has perplexed all the Critics.  
 Out of a number of significations that have been offered, the Transla-

No nymph of heavenly birth shall crown thy love,  
Nor shalt thou share th' immortal feasts above.

tor has pitched upon one, which he thinks the most agreeable to the scope of the Poem and most consistent with the language of the original. The Reader, who wants more particulars on this head, may consult Servius, De La Cerda, or Ruzus.

R

THE

THE FIFTH  
PASTORAL.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS,

MENALCAS.

SINCE you with skill can touch the tuneful  
reed,

Since few my verses or my voice exceed ;

In this refreshing shade shall we recline,

Where hazles with the lofty elms combine ?

Here we discover Menalcas and Mopsus seated in an arbour formed by the interwoven twigs of a wild-vine. A grove of hazles and elms surrounds this arbour. The season seems to be summer. The time of the day is not specified.

MOPSUS.

YOUR riper age a due respect requires,  
 'Tis mine to yield to what my friend desires;  
 Whether you choose the zephyr's fanning breeze,  
 That shakes the wavering shadows of the trees;  
 Or the deep-shaded grotto's cool retreat:----  
 And see yon cave screen'd from the scorching heat,  
 Where the wild vine its curling tendrils weaves,  
 Whose grapes glow ruddy through the quivering  
 leaves.

MENALCAS.

OF all the swains that to our hills belong,  
 AMYNTAS only vies with you in song.

MOPSUS.

WHAT, though with me that haughty shepherd vie,  
 Who proudly dares APOLLO's self defy?

MENALCAS.

BEGIN; let \* ALCON's praise inspire your  
strains,

Or CODRUS' death, or PHYLLIS' amorous  
pains;

Begin, whatever theme your Muse prefer.

To feed the kids be, TITYRUS, thy care.

MOPSUS.

I RATHER will repeat that mournful song,  
Which late I carv'd the verdant beech along;  
(I carv'd, and trill'd by turns the labour'd lay)  
And let AMYNTAS match me if he may.

MENALCAS.

As slender willows where the olive grows,  
Or sordid shrubs when near the scarlet rose,  
Such (if the judgment I have form'd be true)  
Such is AMYNTAS when compar'd with you.

\* From this passage it is evident that Virgil thought Pastoral poetry capable of a much greater variety in its subjects, than some modern Critics will allow.

MOPSUS.

No more, MENALCAS; we delay too long,  
The grot's dim shade invites my promis'd song.

\* When DAPHNIS fell by fate's remorseless  
blow,

The weeping nymphs pour'd wild the plaint of  
woe;

Witness, O hazle-grove, and winding stream,  
For all your echoes caught the mournful  
theme.

In agony of grief his Mother prest  
The clay-cold carcase to her throbbing breast,  
Frantic with anguish wail'd his hapless fate,  
Rav'd at the stars, and heaven's relentless hate.

\* When Daphnis] It is the most general and most probable conjecture, that Julius Cæsar is the Daphnis, whose death and deification are here celebrated. Some however are of opinion, that by Daphnis is meant a real shepherd of Sicily of that name, who is said to have invented Bucolic poetry, and in honour of whom the Sicilians performed yearly sacrifices.

'Twas then the swains in deep despair forsook  
 Their pining flocks, nor led them to the brook;  
 The pining flocks for him their pastures flight,  
 Nor grassy plains, nor cooling streams invite.  
 The doleful tidings reach'd the Libyan shores,  
 And lions mourn'd in deep repeated roars.  
 His cruel doom the woodlands wild bewail,  
 And plaintive hills repeat the melancholy tale.  
 'Twas he, who first Armenia's tygers broke,  
 And tam'd their stubborn natures to the yoke;  
 \* He first with ivy wrapt the thyrsus round,  
 And made the hills with BACCHUS' rites resound.  
 As vines adorn the trees which they entwine,  
 As purple clusters beautify the vine,  
 As bulls the herd, as corns the fertile plains,  
 The godlike DAPHNIS dignified the swains.

\* He first] This can be applied only to Julius Cæsar; for it was  
 he who introduced at Rome the celebration of the Bacchanalian re-  
 vels.

When DAPHNIS from our eager hopes was torn,  
 PHOEBUS and PALES left the plains to mourn.  
 Now weeds and wretched tares the crop subdue,  
 Where store of generous wheat but lately grew.  
 Narcissus' lovely flower no more is seen,  
 No more the velvet violet decks the green;  
 Thistles for these the blasted meadow yields,  
 And thorns and frizled burs deform the fields.  
 Swains, shade the springs, and let the ground be  
     drest

With verdant leaves; 'twas DAPHNIS' last re-  
     quest.

Erect a tomb in honour to his name  
 Mark'd with this verse to celebrate his fame.  
 ' The swains with DAPHNIS' name this tomb  
     ' adorn,  
 ' Whose high renown above the skies is born;  
 ' Fair was his flock, he fairest on the plain,  
 ' The pride the glory of the sylvan reign.'

MENALCAS.

SWEETER, O bard divine, thy numbers seem,  
 Than to the scorched swain the cooling stream,  
 Or soft on fragrant flowrets to recline,  
 And the tir'd limbs to balmy sleep resign.  
 Blest youth! whose voice and pipe demand the  
 praise

Due but to thine, and to thy master's lays.  
 I in return the darling theme will chuse,  
 And DAPHNIS' praises shall inspire my Muse;  
 He in my song shall high as heaven ascend,  
 High as the heavens, for DAPHNIS was my  
 friend.

MOPSUS.

His virtues sure our noblest numbers claim;  
 Nought can delight me more than such a theme  
 Which in your song new dignity obtains;  
 Oft has our STIMICHON extol'd the strains.

MENALCAS.

Now DAPHNIS shines, among the Gods a God,  
Struck with the splendors of his new abode.

Beneath his footstool far remote appear

The clouds flow-sailing, and the starry sphere.

Hence lawns and groves with gladsome raptures  
ring,

The swains, the nymphs, and PAN in concert sing.

The wolves to murder are no more inclin'd,

No guileful nets ensnare the wandering hind,

Deceit and violence and rapine cease,

For DAPHNIS loves the gentle arts of peace.

From savage mountains shouts of transport rise

Born in triumphant echoes to the skies;

The rocks and shrubs emit melodious sounds,

Through nature's vast extent THE GOD THE

GOD rebounds.

S

Be gracious still, still present to our pray'r;  
 Four altars lo we build with pious care,  
 Two for th' inspiring God of song divine,  
 And two, propitious DAPHNIS, shall be thine.  
 Two bowls white-foaming with their milky store,  
 Of generous oil two brimming goblets more,  
 Each year we shall present before thy shrine,  
 And cheer the feast with liberal draughts of wine;  
 Before the fire when winter-storms invade,  
 In summer's heat beneath the breezy shade.  
 The hallow'd bowls with wine of Chios crown'd  
 Shall pour their sparkling nectar to the ground.  
 DAMOETAS shall with \* Lycian ÆGON play,  
 And celebrate with festive strains the day.  
 ALPHESIBOEUS to the sprightly song  
 Shall like the dancing Satyrs trip along.  
 These rites shall still be paid, so justly due,  
 Both when the Nymphs receive our annual vow;

\* Lycium was a city of Crete.

And when with solemn songs, and victims crown'd,  
 Our lands in long procession we surround.  
 While fishes love the streams and briny deep,  
 And savage boars the mountain's rocky steep,  
 While grasshoppers their dewy food delights,  
 While balmy thyme the busy bee invites;  
 So long shall last thine honours and thy fame,  
 So long the shepherds shall resound thy name.  
 Such rites to thee shall husbandmen ordain,  
 As CERES and the God of wine obtain.  
 Thou to our prayers propitiously inclin'd  
 Thy grateful suppliants to their vows shalt bind.

MOPSUS.

WHAT boon, dear shepherd, can your song  
 requite?

For nought in nature yields so sweet delight,  
 Not the soft sighing of the southern gale,  
 That faintly breathes along the flowery vale;

Nor, when light breezes curl the liquid plain,  
 To tread the margin of the murmuring main;  
 Nor melody of streams, that roll away  
 Through rocky dales, delights me as your lay.

### MENALCAS.

No mean reward, my friend, your verses claim;  
 Take then this flute that breath'd the plaintive theme  
 Of \* CORYDON; when proud † DAMOETAS  
 try'd

To match my skill, it dash'd his hasty pride.

### MOPSUS.

AND let this sheepcrook by my friend be  
 worn,  
 Which brazen studs in beamy rows adorn;  
 This fair ANTIGENES oft beg'd to gain,  
 But all his beauty, all his prayers were vain.

\* See Pastoral second,

† See Pastoral third.

THE SIXTH  
PASTORAL.  
SILENUS.

**M**Y sportive Muse first sung Sicilian strains,  
Nor blush'd to dwell in woods and lowly  
plains.

To sing of kings and wars when I aspire,

APOLLO checks my vainly-rising fire.

' To swains the flock and sylvan pipe belong,

' Then choose some humbler theme, nor dare  
heroic song.'

The voice divine, O VARUS, I obey,

And to my reed shall chant a rural lay;

Since others long thy praises to rehearse,  
 And sing thy battles in immortal verse.  
 Yet if these songs, which PHOEBUS bids me  
 write,

Hereafter to the swains shall yield delight,  
 Of thee the trees and humble shrubs shall sing,  
 And all the vocal grove with VARUS ring.  
 The song inscrib'd to VARUS' sacred name  
 To PHOEBUS' favour has the justest claim.

Come then, my Muse, a sylvan song repeat.

\* 'Twas in his shady arbour's cool retreat  
 Two youthful swains the God SILENUS found,  
 In drunkenness and sleep his senses bound.  
 His turgid veins the late debauch betray;  
 His garland on the ground neglected lay,

\* The cave of Silenus, which is the scene of this eclogue, is delineated with sufficient accuracy. The time seems to be the evening; at least the song does not cease, till the flocks are folded, and the evening star appears.

Fallen from his head ; and by the well-worn ear  
His cup of ample size depended near.

Sudden with swains the sleeping God surprize,  
And with his garland bind him as he lies,  
(No better chain at hand) incens'd so long  
To be defrauded of their promis'd song.

To aid their project, and remove their fears,  
ÆGLE a beauteous fountain-nymph appears ;

Who, while he hardly opes his heavy eyes,  
His stupid brow with bloody berries dies.

Then smiling at the fraud SILENUS said,  
' And dare you thus a sleeping God invade ?

' To see me was enough ; but haste, unloose

' My bonds ; the song no longer I refuse ;

' Unloose me, youths ; my song shall pay your

' pains ;

' For this fair nymph another boon remains.'

He sung ; responsive to the heavenly sound  
The stubborn oaks and forests dance around,

Tripping the Satyrs and the Fauns advance,  
Wild beasts forget their rage, and join the general  
dance.

Not so Parnassus' listening rocks rejoice,  
When PHOEBUS raises his celestial voice;  
Nor Thracia's echoing mountains so admire,  
When ORPHEUS strikes the loud-lamenting  
lyre.

For first he sung of Nature's wondrous birth;  
How seeds of water, air, and flame, and earth,  
Down the vast void with casual impulse hurl'd,  
Clung into shapes, and form'd this fabric of the  
world.

Then hardens by degrees the tender soil,  
And from the mighty mound the seas recoil.  
O'er the wide world new various forms arise;  
The infant-sun along the brighten'd skies  
Begins his course, while earth with glad amaze  
The blazing wonder from below surveys.

The clouds sublime their genial moisture shed,  
 And the green grove lifts high its leafy head.  
 The savage beasts o'er desert mountains roam,  
 Yet few their numbers, and unknown their home.  
 He next the blest SATURNIAN ages sung;  
 How a new race of men from \* PYRRHA

sprung;

PROMETHEUS' daring theft, and dreadful doom,  
 Whose growing heart devouring birds consume.  
 Then names the spring renown'd for HYLAS'

fate

By the sad mariners bewail'd too late;  
 They call on HYLAS with repeated cries,  
 And HYLAS, HYLAS, all the lonesome shore  
 replies.

Next he bewails PASIPHAE (hapless dame!)  
 Who for a bullock felt a brutal flame,

T

\* See Ovid Met. Lib. I.

What fury fires thy bosom, frantic queen!  
 How happy thou, if herds had never been!  
 The \* Maids, whom JUNO, to avenge her wrong,  
 Like heifers doom'd to lowe the vales along,  
 Ne'er felt the rage of thy detested fire,  
 Ne'er were polluted with thy foul desire;  
 Though oft for horns they felt their polish'd  
     brow,  
 And their soft necks oft fear'd the galling plough.  
 Ah wretched queen! thou roam'st the mountain-  
     waste,  
 While, his white limbs on lillies laid to rest,  
 The half-digested herb again he chews,  
 Or some fair female of the herd pursues.  
 ' Beset, ye Cretan nymphs, beset the grove,  
 ' And trace the wandering footsteps of my love.

\* Their names were Lysippe, Ipponœ, and Cyrianassa. Juno, to be avenged of them for preferring their own beauty to hers, struck them with madness, to such a degree, that they imagin'd themselves to be heifers.

‘ Yet let my longing eyes my love behold,  
 ‘ Before some favourite beauty of the fold  
 ‘ Entice him with \* Gortynian herds to stray,  
 ‘ Where smile the vales in richer pasture gay.’

He sung how golden fruit’s resistless grace  
 Decoy’d the † wary Virgin from the race.

‡ Then wraps in bark the mourning Sisters round,  
 And rears the lofty alders from the ground.

He sung, while GALLUS by § Permessus stray’d,  
 A Sister of the Nine the hero led  
 To the Aonian hill; the choir in haste  
 Left their bright thrones, and hail’d the welcome  
 guest.

LINUS arose, for sacred song renown’d,  
 Whose brow a wreath of flowers and parsley  
 bound;            T 2

\* Gortyna was a city of Crete. See Ovid. Art. Am. Lib. I.

† Atalanta. See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. X.

‡ See Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

§ A river in Bœotia arising from mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

And, ' Take, he said, this pipe, which heretofore  
 ' The far-fam'd \* Shepherd of Ascræa bore;  
 ' Then heard the mountain-oaks its magic sound,  
 ' Leap'd from their hills, and thronging danced  
 ' around.

' On this thou shalt renew the tuneful lay,  
 ' And grateful songs to thy APOLLO pay,  
 ' Whose fam'd † Grynæan temple from thy strain  
 ' Shall more exalted dignity obtain.'

Why should I sing unhappy ‡ SCYLLA's fate?  
 Sad monument of jealous CIRCE's hate!  
 Round her white breast what furious monsters  
 roll,

And to the dashing waves incessant howl:  
 How from the § ships that bore ULYSSES' crew  
 Her dogs the trembling sailors drag'd, and slew.

\* Hesiod.

† Grynium was a maritime town of the Lesser Asia, where were an  
 antient temple and oracle of Apollo.

‡ See Virgil Æn. III.

§ See Homer Odyss. Lib. XII.

Of † PHILOMELA's feast why should I sing,  
 And what dire chance befel the Thracian king?  
 Changed to a lapwing by th' avenging God  
 He made the barren waste his lone abode,  
 And oft on soaring pinions hover'd o'er  
 The lofty palace then his own no more.

The tuneful God renews each pleasing theme,  
 Which PHOEBUS sung by bless'd Eurotas' stream;  
 When bless'd Eurotas gently flow'd along,  
 And bade his laurels learn the lofty song.  
 SILENUS sung; the vocal vales reply,  
 And heavenly music charms the listening sky.  
 But now their folds the number'd flocks invite,  
 The star of evening sheds its trembling light,  
 And the unwilling heavens are wrapt in night.

† See Ovid's Metamorph. Lib. VI.

# THE SEVENTH PASTORAL.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

**B**ENEATH an holm that murmur'd to the  
breeze

The youthful DAPHNIS lean'd in rural ease:  
With him two gay Arcadian swains reclin'd,  
Who in the neighbouring vale their flocks had  
join'd,

The scene of this Pastoral is as follows. Four shepherds, Daphnis in the most distinguished place, Corydon, Thyrsis and Melibœus are seen reclining beneath an holm. Sheep and goats intermixed are feeding hard by. At a little distance Mincius fringed with reeds appears winding along. Fields and trees compose the surrounding scene. A venerable oak, with bees swarming around it, is particularly distinguished. The time seems to be the forenoon of a summer-day.

THYRSIS, whose care it was the goats to keep,  
 And CORYDON, who fed the fleecy sheep;  
 Both in the flowery prime of youthful days,  
 Both skill'd in single or responsive lays.  
 While I with busy hand a shelter form  
 To guard my myrtles from the future storm,  
 The husband of my goats had chanced to stray:  
 To find the vagrant out I take my way.  
 Which DAPHNIS seeing cries, ' Dismiss your

' fear,

' Your kids and goat are all in safety here;  
 ' And, if no other care require your stay,  
 ' Come, and with us unbend the toils of day  
 ' In this cool shade; at hand your heifers feed,  
 ' And of themselves will to the watering speed;  
 ' Here fringed with reeds flow Mincius winds

' along,

' And round yon oak the bees soft-murmuring  
 ' throng.'

What could I do? for I was left alone,  
 My PHYLLIS and ALCIPPE both were gone,  
 And none remain'd to feed my weanling lambs,  
 And to restrain them from their bleating dams:  
 Betwixt the swains a solemn match was set,  
 To prove their skill, and end a long debate.  
 Though serious matters claim'd my due regard,  
 Their pastime to my business I prefer'd.  
 To sing by turns the Muse inspir'd the swains,  
 And CORYDON began th' alternate strains.

CORYDON.

YE Nymphs of Helicon, my sole desire!  
 O warm my breast with all my CODRUS' fire.  
 If none can equal CODRUS' heavenly lays,  
 For next to PHOEBUS he deserves the praise,  
 No more I ply the tuneful art divine,  
 My silent pipe shall hang on yonder pine.

## THYRSIS.

ARCADIAN swains, an ivy wreath bestow,  
 With early honours crown your poet's brow;  
 CODRUS shall chafe, if you my songs commend,  
 Till burning spite his tortur'd entrails rend;  
 Or amulets, to bind my temples, frame,  
 Lest his invidious praises blast my fame.

## CORYDON.

A STAG's tall horns, and stain'd with savage  
 gore

This bristled visage of a tusky boar,  
 To thee, O Virgin-goddes of the chace,  
 Young MYCON offers for thy former grace.  
 If like success his future labours crown,  
 Thine, Goddes, then shall be a nobler boon,  
 In polish'd marble thou shalt shine complete,  
 And purple sandals shall adorn thy feet.

U

## THYRSIS.

To thee, \* PRIAPUS, each returning year,  
 This bowl of milk, these hallow'd cakes we bear;  
 Thy care our garden is but meanly stor'd,  
 And mean oblations all we can afford.  
 But if our flocks a numerous offspring yield,  
 And our decaying fold again be fill'd,  
 Though now in marble thou obscurely shine,  
 For thee a golden statue we design.

## CORYDON.

O GALATEA, whiter than the swan,  
 Loveliest of all thy sisters of the main,  
 Sweeter than Hybla, more than lillies fair!  
 If ought of CORYDON employ thy care,  
 When shades of night involve the silent sky,  
 And slumbering in their stalls the oxen lie,  
 Come to my longing arms, and let me prove  
 Th' immortal sweets of GALATEA's love.

\* This Deity presided over gardens.

## THYRSIS.

As the vile sea-weed scatter'd by the storm,  
 As he whose face \* Sardinian herbs deform,  
 As burs and brambles that disgrace the plain,  
 So nauseous so detested be thy swain;  
 If when thine absence I am doom'd to bear  
 The day appears not longer than a year.  
 Go home, my flocks, ye lengthen out the day,  
 For shame, ye tardy flocks, for shame away!

## CORYDON.

YE mossy fountains warbling as ye flow!  
 And softer than the slumbers ye bestow  
 Ye grassy banks! ye trees with verdure crown'd,  
 Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffuse around!  
 Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,  
 And screen them from the summer's raging heat;

## U 2

\* It was the property of this poisonous herb to distort the features of those who had eaten of it, in such a manner, that they seemed to expire in an agony of laughter.

For now the year in brightest glory shines,  
Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines.

THYRSIS.

Here's wood for fuel ; here the fire displays  
To all around its animating blaze ;  
Black with continual smoke our posts appear ;  
Nor dread we more the rigour of the year,  
Than the fell wolf the fearful lambkins dreads,  
When he the helpless fold by night invades ;  
Or swelling torrents, headlong as they roll,  
The weak resistance of the shatter'd mole.

CORYDON.

Now yellow harvests wave on every field,  
Now bending boughs the hoary chefnut yield,  
Now loaded trees resign their annual store,  
And on the ground the mellow fruitage pour ;  
Jocund the face of Nature smiles, and gay ;  
But if the fair ALEXIS were away,

Inclement drought the hardening foil would  
drain,

And streams no longer murmur o'er the plain.

### THYRSIS.

A LANGUID hue the thirsty fields assume,  
Parch'd to the root the flowers resign their bloom,  
The faded vines refuse their hills to shade,  
Their leafy verdure wither'd and decay'd;  
But if my PHYLIS on these plains appear,  
Again the groves their gayest green shall wear,  
Again the clouds their copious moisture lend,  
And in the genial rain shall Jove descend.

### CORYDON.

ALCIDES' brows the poplar-leaves surround,  
APOLLO's beamy locks with bays are crown'd,  
The myrtle, lovely Queen of smiles, is thine,  
And jolly BACCHUS loves the curling vine;  
But while my PHYLIS loves the hazle-spray,  
To hazle yield the myrtle and the bay.

THYRSIS.

THE fir, the hills; the ash adorns the woods;  
The pine, the gardens; and the poplar, floods.  
If thou, my LYCIDAS, wilt deign to come,  
And cheer thy shepherd's solitary home,  
The ash so fair in woods, and garden-pine  
Will own their beauty far excel'd by thine.

MELIBOEUS.

So sung the swains, but THYRSIS strove in  
vain;  
Thus far I bear in mind th' alternate strain.  
Young CORYDON acquir'd unrival'd fame,  
And still we pay a deference to his name.

THE

# THE EIGHTH PASTORAL.

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

**R**EHEARSE we, POLLIO, the enchant-  
ing strains

Alternate sung by two contending swains.

Charm'd by their songs, the hungry heifers stood

In deep amaze, unmindful of their food;

The listening lynxes laid their rage aside,

The streams were silent, and forgot to glide.

In this eight Pastoral no particular scene is described. The Poet rehearses the songs of two contending swains Damon and Alphesibœus. The former adopts the soliloquy of a despairing lover: the latter chooses for his subject the magic rites of an Enchantress forsaken by her lover, and recalling him by the power of her spells.

O Thou, where'er thou lead'st thy conquering  
host,

Or by \* Timavus, or th' Illyrian coast!

When shall my Muse transported with the theme  
In strains sublime my POLLIO's deeds proclaim;

And celebrate thy lays by all admir'd,

Such as of old SOPHOCLES' Muse inspir'd?

To thee, the patron of my rural songs,

To thee my first my latest lay belongs.

Then let this humble ivy-wreath inclose,

Twin'd with triumphal bays, thy godlike brows.

What time the chill sky brightens with the dawn,

When cattle love to crop the dewy lawn,

Thus DAMON to the woodlands wild complain'd,

As 'gainst an olive's lofty trunk he lean'd.

DAMON.

LEAD on the genial day, O Star of morn!

While wretched I, all hopeless and forlorn,

\* A river in Italy.

With my last breath my fatal woes deplore,  
 And call the Gods by whom false NISA swore;  
 Though they, regardless of a lover's pain,  
 Heard her repeated vows, and heard in vain.  
 \* Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Blest Mænalus! that hears the pastoral song  
 Still languishing its tuneful groves along!  
 That hears th' Arcadian God's celestial lay,  
 Who taught the idly-rustling reeds to play!  
 That hears the singing pines! that hears the  
                     swain  
 Of love's soft chains melodiously complain!  
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

MOPSUS the willing NISA now enjoys---  
 What may not lovers hope from such a choice!

X

\* This *intercalary line* (as it called by the Commentators) which seems to be intended as a chorus or burden to the song, is here made the last of a triplet, that it may be as independent of the context and the verse in the translation, as it is in the Original.—Mænalus was a mountain of Arcadia.

Now mares and griffins shall their hate resign,  
 And the succeeding age shall see them join  
 In friendship's tie; now mutual love shall bring  
 The dog and doe to share the friendly spring.  
 Scatter thy nuts, O MOPsus, and prepare  
 The nuptial torch to light the wedded Fair.  
 Lo Hesper hastens to the western main!  
 And thine the night of bliss---thine, happy  
                     fwain!

Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Exult, O NISA, in thy happy state!  
 Supremely blest in such a worthy mate!  
 While you my beard detest, and bushy brow,  
 And think the gods forget the world below:  
 While you my flock and rural pipe disdain,  
 And treat with bitter scorn a faithful fwain.  
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

When first I saw you by your mother's side,  
To where our apples grew I was your guide:  
Twelve summers since my birth had roll'd a-  
round,

And I could reach the branches from the ground.

How did I gaze!--how perish!--ah how vain  
The fond bewitching hopes that sooth'd my  
pain!

Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Too well I know thee, LOVE. From Scy-  
thian snows,

Or Lybia's burning sands the mischief rose.

Rocks adamantine nurs'd this foreign bane,  
This fell invader of the peaceful plain.

Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Love taught the \* Mother's murdering hand  
to kill,

Her children's blood Love bade the Mother spill.

X 2

\* Medea.

† Was Love the cruel cause? Or did the deed  
From fierce unfeeling cruelty proceed?

Both fill'd her brutal bosom with their bane;  
Both urg'd the deed, while Nature shrunk in  
vain.

Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Now let the fearful lamb the wolf devour;  
Let alders blossom with Narcissus' flower;  
From barren shrubs let radiant amber flow;  
Let rugged oaks with golden fruitage glow;  
Let shrieking owls with swans melodious vie;  
Let TITYRUS the Thracian numbers try,  
Outrival ORPHEUS in the sylvan reign,  
And emulate ARION on the main.

Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

† This seems to be Virgil's meaning. The Translator did not choose to preserve the conceit on the words *puer* and *mater* in his version; as this (in his opinion) would have rendered the passage obscure and unpleasing to an English reader.

Let land no more the swelling waves divide;  
Earth, be thou whelm'd beneath the boundless  
tide;

Headlong from yonder promontory's brow  
I plunge into the rolling deep below.

Farewell, ye woods! farewell, thou flowery plain!

Hear the last lay of a despairing swain.

And cease, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Here DAMON ceas'd. And now, ye tuneful

Nine,

ALPHESIBOEUS' magic verse subjoin.

To his responsive song your aid we call,

Our power extends not equally to all.

ALPHESIBOEUS.

BRING living waters from the silver stream,

With vervain and fat incense feed the flame,

With this soft wreath the sacred altars bind;

To move my cruel DAPHNIS to be kind,

And with my phrenzy to inflame his soul;  
Charms are but wanting to complete the whole,  
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

By powerful charms what prodigies are done!  
Charms draw pale CYNTHIA from her silver  
throne;

Charms burst the bloated snake, and \* CIRCE'S  
guests

By mighty magic charms were changed to beasts.  
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Three woolen wreathes, and each of triple die,  
Three times about thy image I apply,

\* See Hom. Odyss. Lib. X.

Then thrice I bear it round the sacred shrine ;

Uneven numbers please the Powers divine.

Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Haste, let three colours with three knots be  
join'd,

And say, ' Thy fetters, VENUS, thus I bind.'

Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As this soft clay is harden'd by the flame,

And as this wax is soften'd by the same,

My love, that harden'd DAPHNIS to disdain,

Shall soften his relenting heart again.

Scatter the salted corn, and place the bays,

And with fat brimstone light the sacred blaze.

DAPHNIS my burning passion flights with scorn,  
And DAPHNIS in this blazing bay I burn.

Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As when, to find her love, an heifer roams  
Through trackless groves, and solitary glooms ;  
Sick with desire, abandon'd to her woes,  
By some lone stream her languid limbs she  
throws ;

There in deep anguish wastes the tedious night,  
Nor thoughts of home her late return invite :  
Thus may he love, and thus indulge his pain,  
While I enhance his torments with disdain.

Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These robes beneath the threshold here I leave,  
These pledges of his love, O earth, receive.

Ye dear memorials of our mutual fire,

Of you my faithless DAPHNIS I require.

Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These deadly poisons, and these magic weeds,  
Selected from the store which Pontus breeds,  
Sage MOERIS gave me; oft I saw him prove  
Their sovereign power; by these, along the grove  
A prowling wolf the dread magician roams;  
Now gliding ghosts from the profoundest tombs  
Inspir'd he calls; the rooted corn he wings,  
And to strange fields the flying harvest brings.  
Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These ashes from the altar take with speed,  
 And treading backwards cast them o'er your head  
 Into the running stream, nor turn your eye.  
 Yet this last spell, though hopeless, let me try.  
 But nought can move the unrelenting swain,  
 And spells, and magic verse, and Gods are vain.  
 Bring DAPHNIS home, bring DAPHNIS to  
 my arms,

O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Lo, while I linger, with spontaneous fire  
 The ashes redden, and the flames aspire!  
 May this new prodigy auspicious prove!  
 What fearful hopes my beating bosom move!  
 Hark, does not Hylax bark!---ye Powers supreme,  
 Can it be real, or do lovers dream!---  
 He comes, my DAPHNIS comes; forbear my  
 charms;

My love, my DAPHNIS flies to bliss my longing  
 arms. THE

THE NINTH  
PASTORAL.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

GO you to town, my friend? this beaten way  
Conducts us thither.

MOERIS.

Ah! the fatal day,  
The unexpected day at last is come,  
When a rude alien drives us from our home.

Y 2

This and the first eclogue seem to have been written on the same occasion.—The time is a still evening. The landscape is described at the 97th line of this translation. On one side of the highway is an artificial harbour, where Lycidas invites Moeris to rest a little

Hence, hence, ye clowns, th' usurper thus commands,

To me you must resign your antient lands.

Thus helpless and forlorn we yield to fate;

And our rapacious lord to mitigate

This brace of kids a present I design,

Which load with curses, O ye Powers divine!

LYCIDAS.

'Twas said, MENALCAS with his tuneful strains

Had fav'd the grounds of all the neighbouring swains,

little from the fatigue of his journey : and at a considerable distance appears a sepulchre by the way-side, where the antient sepulchres were commonly erected.

The Critics with one voice seem to condemn this eclogue as unworthy of its Author ; I know not for what good reason. The many beautiful lines scattered through it would, one might think, be no weak recommendation. But it is by no means to be reckoned a loose collection of incoherent fragments ; its principal parts are all strictly connected, and refer to a certain end, and its allusions and images are wholly suited to pastoral life. Its subject though uncommon is not improper ; for what is more natural, than that two shepherds

From where the hill, that terminates the vale,  
 In easy risings first begins to swell,  
 Far as the blasted beeche that mates the sky,  
 And the clear stream that gently murmurs by.

### MOERIS.

SUCH was the voice of fame; but music's  
 charms,

Amid the dreadful clang of warlike arms,  
 Avail no more, than the Chaonian dove,  
 When down the sky descends the bird of Jove.  
 And had not the prophetic raven spoke  
 His dire presages from the hollow oak,  
 And often warn'd me to avoid debate,  
 And with a patient mind submit to fate,  
 Ne'er had thy MOERIS seen this fatal hour,  
 And that melodious swain had been no more.

shepherds, when occasionally mentioning the good qualities of their  
 absent friend, particularly his poetical talents, should repeat such frag-  
 ments of his songs as they recollected?

LYCIDAS.

WHAT horrid breast such impious thoughts  
could breed!

What barbarous hand could make MENALCAS  
bleed!

Could every tender Muse in him destroy,  
And from the shepherds ravish all their joy!  
For who but he the lovely nymphs could sing,  
Or paint the vallies with the purple spring?  
Who shade the fountains from the glare of day?  
Who but MENALCAS could compose the lay,  
Which, as we journey'd to my love's abode,  
I softly sung to cheer the lonely road?

\* TITYRUS, while I am absent, feed the flock,  
' And having fed conduct them to the brook,

\* Tityrus] These lines, which Virgil has translated literally from Theocritus, may be supposed to be a fragment of the poem mentioned in the preceeding verses; or, what is more likely, to be spoken by Lycidas to his servant; something similar to which may be seen Paft. 5. v. 20. of this translation.—The Original is here remarkably explicit, even to a degree of affectation. This the Translator has endeavoured to imitate.

‘ (The way is short, and I shall soon return)  
 ‘ But shun the he-goat with the butting horn.’

MOERIS.

OR who could finish the imperfect lays  
 Sung by MENALCAS to his VARUS’ praise?  
 ‘ If fortune yet shall spare the Mantuan swains,  
 ‘ And save from plundering hands our peaceful  
     ‘ plains,  
 ‘ Nor doom us sad Cremona’s fate to share,  
 ‘ (For ah! a neighbour’s woe excites our fear)  
 ‘ Then high as heaven our VARUS’ fame shall  
     ‘ rise,  
 ‘ The warbling swans shall bear it to the skies.’

LYCIDAS.

Go on, dear swain, these pleasing songs pursue;  
 So may thy bees avoid the bitter yew,  
 So may rich herds thy fruitful fields adorn,  
 So may thy cows with strutting dugs return.

Even I with poets have obtain'd a name,  
 The Muse inspires me with poetic flame;  
 Th' applauding shepherds to my songs attend,  
 But I suspect my skill, though they commend.  
 I dare not hope to please a CINNA's ear,  
 Or sing what VARUS might vouchsafe to hear.  
 Harsh are the sweetest lays that I can bring,  
 So screams a goose where swans melodious sing.

## MOERIS.

THIS I am pondering, if I can rehearse  
 The lofty numbers of that labour'd verse.  
 ' Come, GALATEA, leave the rolling seas;  
 ' Can rugged rocks and heaving surges please?  
 ' Come, taste the pleasures of our sylvan bowers,  
 ' Our balmy-breathing gales, and fragrant flowers.  
 ' See, how our plains rejoice on every side,  
 ' How crystal streams through blooming vallies  
 ' glide:

‘ O’er the cool grot the whitening poplars bend,  
 ‘ And clasping vines their grateful umbrage lend.  
 ‘ Come, beauteous nymph, forsake the briny wave,  
 ‘ Loud on the beach let the wild billows rave.’

LYCIDAS.

OR what you sung one evening on the plain---  
 The air, but not the words, I yet retain.

MOERIS.

‘ WHY, DAPHNIS, dost thou calculate the  
 ‘ skies,  
 ‘ To know when antient constellations rise?  
 ‘ Lo, CÆSAR’S star its radiant light displays,  
 ‘ And on the nations sheds propitious rays.  
 ‘ On the glad hills the reddening clusters glow,  
 ‘ And smiling Plenty decks the plains below.  
 ‘ Now graff thy pears; the star of CÆSAR reigns,  
 ‘ To thy remotest race the fruit remains.’

The rest I have forgot, for length of years  
 Deadens the sense, and memory impairs.  
 All things in time submit to sad decay;  
 Oft have we sung whole summer suns away.  
 These vanish'd joys must MOERIS now deplore,  
 His voice delights, his numbers charm no more;  
 \* Him have the wolves beheld, bewitch'd his song,  
 Bewitch'd to silence his melodious tongue.  
 But your desire MENALCAS can fulfil,  
 All these, and more, he sings with matchless skill.

LYCIDAS.

THESE faint excuses which my MOERIS  
 frames

But heighten my desire.---And now the streams  
 In slumber-soothing murmurs softly flow;  
 And now the sighing breeze hath ceas'd to blow.

\* In Italia creditur luporum visus esse noxios; vocemque hominē  
 quem priores contemplantur adimere ad præsens.

Plin. N. H. VIII. 22.

Half of our way is past, for I descry

\* BIANOR's tomb just rising to the eye.

Here in this leafy arbour ease your toil,

Lay down your kids, and let us sing the while:

We soon shall reach the town; or, lest a storm

Of sudden rain the evening-sky deform,

Be yours to cheer the journey with a song,

Eas'd of your load, which I shall bear along.

### MOERIS.

No more, my friend; your kind entreaties spare,

And let our journey be our present care;

Let fate restore our absent friend again,

Then gladly I resume the tuneful strain.

Z 2

THE

\* Bianor is said to have founded Mantua.      SERVIVS.

# THE TENTH PASTORAL. GALLUS.

TO my last labour lend thy sacred aid,  
O ARETHUSA: that the cruel Maid

The scene of this Pastoral is very accurately delineated. We behold the forlorn Gallus stretched along beneath a solitary cliff, his flocks standing round him at some distance. A groupe of deities and swains encircle him, each of whom is particularly described. On one side we see the shepherds with their crooks; next to them the neatherds known by the clumsiness of their appearance; and next to these Menalcas with his clothes wet, as just come from beating or gathering winter-mast. On the other side we observe Apollo with his usual insignia; Sylvanus crown'd with flowers and brandishing in his hand the long lillies and flowering fennel; and last of all Pan, the god of shepherds, known by his ruddy smiling countenance, and the other peculiarities of his form.

Gallus was a Roman of very considerable rank, a poet of no small estimation, and an intimate friend of Virgil. He loved to distraction one Cytheris (here called Lycoris) who slighted him, and followed Antony into Gaul.

With deep remorse may read the mournful song,  
For mournful lays to GALLUS' love belong.

(What Muse in sympathy will not bestow  
Some tender strains to soothe my GALLUS' woe?)

So may thy waters pure of briny stain

Traverse the waves of the Sicilian main.

Sing, mournful Muse, of GALLUS' luckless love,

While the goats browse along the cliffs above.

Nor silent is the waste while we complain,

The woods return the long-resounding strain.

Whither, ye fountain-Nymphs, were ye with-  
drawn,

To what lone woodland, or what devious lawn,

When GALLUS' bosom languish'd with the fire

Of hopeless love, and unallay'd desire?

For neither by th' Aonian spring you stray'd,

Nor roam'd Parnassus' heights, nor Pindus' hal-

low'd shade.

The pines of Mænalus were heard to mourn,  
 And sounds of woe along the groves were born.  
 And sympathetic tears the laurel shed,  
 And humbler shrubs declin'd their drooping  
 head.

All wept his fate, when to despair resign'd  
 Beneath a desert-cliff he lay reclin'd.  
 Lyceus' rocks were hung with many a tear,  
 And round the swain his flocks forlorn appear.  
 Nor scorn, celestial bard, a Poet's name;  
 Renown'd ADONIS by the lonely stream  
 Tended his flock.---As thus he lay along,  
 The swains and awkward neatherds round him  
 throng.

Wet from the winter-mast MENALCAS came,  
 All ask, what Beauty rais'd the fatal flame.  
 The God of verse vouchsafed to join the rest;  
 He said, What phrensy thus torments thy breast?

While she, thy darling, thy LYCORIS scorns  
 Thy proffer'd love, and for another burns,  
 With whom o'er winter-wastes she wanders far,  
 'Midst camps, and clashing arms, and boisterous  
     war.

SYLVANUS came with rural garlands crown'd,  
 And wav'd the lillies long, and flowering fennel  
     round.

Next we beheld the gay Arcadian God;  
 His smiling cheeks with bright vermilion glow'd.  
 For ever wilt thou heave the bursting sigh?  
 Is Love regardful of the weeping eye?  
 Love is not cloy'd with tears; alas, no more  
 Than bees luxurious with the balmy flow'r,  
 Than goats with foliage, than the grassy plain  
 With silver rills and soft refreshing rain.

PAN spoke; and thus the Youth with grief oppress'd:  
 Arcadians, hear, O hear my last request;

O ye, to whom the sweetest lays belong,  
 O let my sorrows on your hills be sung:  
 If your soft flutes shall celebrate my woes,  
 How will my bones in deepest peace repose!  
 Ah had I been with you a country-swain,  
 And prun'd the vine, and fed the bleating train;  
 Had PHYLIS, or some other rural Fair,  
 Or black AMYNTAS been my darling care;  
 (Beauteous though black; what lovelier flower is  
     seen  
 Than the dark violet on the painted green?)  
 These in the bower had yielded all their charms,  
 And sunk with mutual raptures in my arms;  
 PHYLIS had crown'd my head with garlands  
     gay,  
 AMYNTAS sung the pleasing hours away.  
 Here, O LYCORIS, purls the limpid spring,  
 Bloom all the meads, and all the woodlands sing;

Here let me press thee to my panting breast,  
 Till youth, and joy, and life itself be past.  
 Banish'd by love o'er hostile lands I stray,  
 And mingle in the battle's dread array ;  
 Whilst thou, relentless to my constant flame,  
 (Ah could I disbelieve the voice of Fame!)  
 Far from thy home, unaided and forlorn,  
 Far from thy love, thy faithful love, art born,  
 On the bleak Alps with chilling blasts to pine,  
 Or wander waste along the frozen Rhine.  
 Ye icy paths, O spare her tender form !  
 O spare those heavenly charms, thou wintry storm !

Hence let me hasten to some desert-grove,  
 And soothe with songs my long-unanswer'd love.

I go, in some lone wilderness to suit  
 Eubœan lays to my Sicilian flute.

Better with beasts of prey to make abode

In the deep cavern, or the darksome wood ;

A a

And carve on trees the story of my woe,  
Which with the growing bark shall ever grow.  
Meanwhile with woodland-nymphs, a lovely  
                throng,

The winding groves of Mænalus along  
I roam at large ; or chace the foaming boar ;  
Or with sagacious hounds the wilds explore,  
Careless of cold. And now methinks I bound  
O'er rocks and cliffs, and hear the woods re-  
sound ;

And now with beating heart I seem to wing  
The Cretan arrow from the Parthian string----  
As if I thus my phrensy could forego,  
As if love's God could melt at human woe.  
Alas! nor nymphs nor heavenly songs delight---  
Farewell, ye groves! the groves no more invite.  
No pains no miseries of man can move  
The unrelenting Deity of love.

To quench your thirst in Hebrus' frozen flood,  
 To make the Scythian snows your drear abode;  
 Or feed your flock on Aethiopian plains,  
 When Sirius' fiery constellation reigns,  
 (When deep-imbrown'd the languid herbage lies,  
 And in the elm the vivid verdure dies)  
 Were all in vain. LOVE's unresisted sway  
 Extends to all, and we must LOVE obey.

'Tis done; ye NINE, here ends your poet's

strain

In pity sung to soothe his GALLUS' pain.  
 While leaning on a flowery bank I twine  
 The flexile osiers, and the basket join.  
 Celestial NINE, your sacred influence bring,  
 And soothe my GALLUS' sorrows while I

sing:

GALLUS, my much-belov'd! for whom I feel  
 The flame of purest friendship rising still:

So by a brook the verdant alders rise,  
When fostering zephyrs fan the vernal skies.

Let us be gone: at eve, the shade annoys  
With noxious damps, and hurts the singer's voice,  
The juniper breathes bitter vapours round,  
That kill the springing corn, and blast the ground.  
Homeward, my fated goats, now let us hie;  
Lo beamy Hesper gilds the western sky.



THE END.

